

Américas

MAY

1955

VICTORY IN HAITI
over a dread disease

ADS INFINITUM
Fun with the Classifieds

CHARCOAL-BURNERS
OF COSTA RICA

MONTERREY TECH
leads a revolution
in Mexican education

THERE'S NO PLACE
LIKE THE OZARKS

25
cents

Small wool carder in
southern Missouri
(See page 10)





Américas

Volume 7, Number 5
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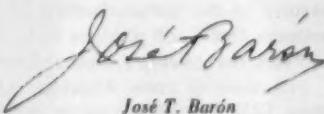
Dear Reader

The organization of American States represents the culmination of the work started by Simón Bolívar in Panama in 1826. Officially established by the Charter approved at Bogotá in April 1948, it crowned more than half a century of patient and farsighted international effort by the American republics, beginning with the First Inter-American Conference. That gathering met in Washington in the fall of 1889 and did not conclude its sessions until the following spring. Though it was long, laborious, and emotional, it was pervaded by mutual confidence and appreciation, evident from the inaugural address of its president, the distinguished U.S. Secretary of State James G. Blaine. Our Cuban national hero José Martí, like Bolívar a fervent Americanist and tireless fighter for Hemisphere unity, was then an exile in the United States; he followed the meeting carefully and reported it in full detail for the Buenos Aires newspaper *La Nación*.

It is interesting to note that the European countries did not look favorably on that conference, as we can see in many articles from leading British, French, and Italian newspapers of the day that are reproduced in the well-documented volume *El Panamericanismo y la Opinión Europea*, by the eminent Cuban diplomat and writer Dr. Orestes Ferrara, published in 1930. Their attacks were based on the fear that exclusive Western Hemisphere economic pacts would be agreed upon.

Ever since that First Conference there has been an ever present tendency toward unity among the peoples and nations of the Hemisphere. The pressure for international cooperation in the New World was too strong to be ignored or overcome. The nine other Inter-American Conferences that have followed have been faithful to Secretary Blaine's desires. Each made progress, modest perhaps but built on past experience, thus strengthening the bonds among our peoples. So we saw the birth of significant documents and agreements, including the Treaty to Avoid or Prevent Conflicts Between the American States (Gondra Treaty, 1923), the Convention on Duties and Rights of States in the Event of Civil Strife (1928), and the system of Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs. The Inter-American Peace Commission was created and has operated quite successfully. Then came the Inter-American Defense Board, the Inter-American Commission of Women, the Institute of Geography and History, and the Institute of Agricultural Sciences. More recently, the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance, which has meant so much during the last few months, was signed, followed by the OAS Charter, the American Treaty of Peaceful Settlement (Pact of Bogotá), the Caracas Declaration Against International Communism, and so on.

So the American republics have marched forward in pursuit of their internal welfare and international co-existence, thus contributing to world progress and civilization. Thus we can say, with Walt Whitman, "O America because you build for mankind I build for you." The magazine AMÉRICAS, presenting the ideas and varied way of life of our American peoples, is an appropriate vehicle for aiding their progress.



José T. Barón

Interim Representative of Cuba on the OAS Council

ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

THE PETROLEUM PICTURE

Because cheap coal is unavailable in most of Latin America, oil is of tremendous importance to plans for industrial development. For some countries, imports to meet local demand already drain off enormous dollar reserves, while for others petroleum exports are a major dollar earner.

The following table reveals the 1953 crude petroleum position of the Latin American countries most active in this trade.

1953 PRODUCTION, EXPORTS, AND IMPORTS OF CRUDE PETROLEUM

(in thousands of barrels)

Country	Production	Exports	Imports
Argentina	28,501	—	24,710
Bolivia	601	67	—
Brazil	915	—	1,487
Colombia	39,434	32,074	—
Chile	1,264	1,128	—
Ecuador	2,967	1,302	—
Mexico	72,440	3,289	—
Peru	16,061	2,565	239
Uruguay	—	—	8,296
Venezuela	644,243	488,862	—
Totals	806,426	529,287	34,732

This does not tell the whole story, however, for several countries import large amounts of refined products such as gasoline, kerosene, and fuel oil. Figures are not available for all, but in 1953 Chile imported 9,124,000 barrels in that category and Uruguay 293,000. Uruguay, incidentally, refines more than it consumes, and exported 1,680,000 barrels that year, principally fuel oil for ships calling there. During merely the first six months of 1953, Brazil imported 22,940,000 barrels of refined petroleum products.

Venezuela's huge output makes it second only to the United States in world production, and first in the world in exports. Seasonal demand brought production there to an all-time high in November 1954, when it averaged more than 2,000,000 barrels a day.

The latest technical development is completion of the first natural gas conservation plant atop the waters of Lake Maracaibo. By pumping gas back into the submarine field, this will increase pressure and permit fuller recovery of oil. The method has been used in the area before, but only on land.

As reported last month, Bolivian production is rising rapidly, having now reached 10,000 barrels a day, and aims at 30,000 barrels a day next year.

On March 18, Mexico celebrated the seventeenth anniversary of the nationalization of its oil industry with an estimate that it will produce more than 100,000,000 barrels in 1955, the country's highest figure since 1925.

Elsewhere in Latin America, Brazil, which is spending some \$250,000,000 a year to import petroleum, hailed the announcement in March of the Nova Olinda gusher well in the Amazon basin. Small bottles of the precious liquid

shipped to Rio and Belem attracted large crowds even though exploration and production in the area may be a slow process. Three recently completed refineries, one state-owned and the other two privately owned, raised Brazilian refining capacity to 80,000 barrels a day, and further plant expansion is expected to bring it by the end of the year to 110,000 a day, or 80 per cent of total consumption.

A Guatemalan decree recently opened still another country to petroleum exploration. In some quarters its terms have been criticized as being perhaps too liberal, with insufficient guarantee of conservation.

Chile, whose first large refinery (20,000 barrels a day capacity) is nearing completion outside Valparaiso, has authorized the national oil monopoly to contract with private firms for drilling and exploration.

Enlarged refining facilities at Barrancabermeja, Colombia, went into operation last August and will save the country some \$20,000,000 a year in foreign exchange.

Argentina is considering several proposals for foreign and domestic investment to increase petroleum production, although no actual agreements have yet been announced.

Exporting countries, especially Venezuela, about half of whose oil exports end up in the United States, either directly or after processing at Aruba or Curaçao, are much concerned over the proposal in the U.S. Congress to amend the trade bill under consideration at this writing to limit imports of crude and residual fuel oil to 10 per cent of U.S. demand. This would restrict residual oil imports to less than half of the 333,000 barrels a day Venezuela shipped to the United States last year. This heavy oil supplements rather than competes with U. S. supplies, but arouses strong objections from the coal industry, principal backer of the limitation amendment.

NEW CROP IN BRAZIL

Cultivation of jute, introduced in the Amazon region only eight or nine years ago by Japanese colonists, is making Brazil self-sufficient in this fiber, needed above all for the manufacture of burlap bags in which to ship coffee. It is hoped that this year Brazil, which down to 1953 had to import this product, will be able to begin export of limited quantities. Production in 1953 reached thirty-five thousand tons, which placed Brazil third on the world list of producers recorded by FAO, although far behind the approximately one million tons each contributed by India and Pakistan. Adalberto Valle, an industrialist who has already carried out many development projects in Amazonia, including the tourist hotel at Manaus and a nearby oil refinery, is interested not only in raising jute but in manufacturing it as well. Last year he established the first large bag factory in the area, which produced nearly two million bags. Production this year may top seven million. This new crop shows promise of notably bolstering Brazil's export position within a few years.

victory IN HAITI

HOW A CRIPPLING DISEASE WAS WIPE OUT

George C. Compton

ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO, the dread tropical disease yaws afflicted one third or more of the rural population of Haiti—along with millions of other people around the world. In some areas of the island republic, yaws had been prevalent for so long that people had come to accept it as more or less inevitable. Today, all that is changed. The disease has virtually disappeared from the country.

Some insect-borne maladies, such as urban yellow fever, have been cleared out of entire countries by elimination of the bugs, but never before has a disease been wiped out on such a scale by treating its human victims. The Haitian Ministry of Public Health is accomplishing this feat through an intensive campaign conducted in cooperation with the Pan American Sanitary Bureau and the World Health Organization (which the Sanitary Bureau represents in the Western Hemisphere) and with financial help from the UN International Children's Emergency Fund. The first real chance to make a major onslaught against this scourge came after World War II; the perfecting of the new antibiotics provided the weapons and the formation of WHO and UNICEF made possible international health action not merely in terms of quarantine, as before, but on a scale of mass treatment. Mass yaws campaigns under the technical guidance of WHO are in progress in Indonesia, Thailand, and the Philippines, too, but they have not reached the same stage as in Haiti because of the vastly larger populations involved.

Patients file through mobile clinic of cooperative Haitian-U.S. public health service at Mirebalais

Yaws, also known as "frambesia" (from the French *framboise*, raspberry) and *pian*, the common French name, usually breaks out with a raspberrylike, discharging protuberance. Unless treated, the disease may progress through a variety of eruptions and ulcers, and in advanced stages may eat through the flesh, causing loss of a finger, toe, or nose. Painful lesions on hands or feet make the sufferer unable to work, sometimes even to walk, and he becomes completely dependent. Although not in itself a killing disease, yaws imposes a heavy economic burden, limiting production and hamstringing development.

It is not a venereal disease, but the organism that causes it, a tiny, corkscrewlike spirochete known as *Treponema pertenue*, is indistinguishable under the microscope from the one that causes syphilis. Some investigators have even suggested that an attack of yaws may give a person some immunity from syphilis, but the symptoms and courses of development of the two diseases are quite different.

Infection is believed to be caused usually by direct contact between individuals, the micro-organisms passing from the open sores of a diseased person to a new victim's skin. They gain entrance much more easily—perhaps only—if there is a scratch, abrasion, or other wound, so shoes and adequate clothing help prevent contagion. Barefoot and barelegged people working or



playing in bush country are therefore particularly exposed to infection. Flies may also play a role in spreading the disease. It is not inherited, but if parents have it, the children are very likely to catch it from them. Infection from animals is most unlikely, since the organism does not thrive in them. Contagion via eating and cooking utensils, towels, or other objects is probably very rare, since in the open air the germs live only a short time. But stepping or sitting where a person with the infection on his feet has just trodden may be enough to pass it on.

Yaws is a strictly tropical disease, flourishing in hot and humid climates. Primarily it affects rural communities, especially where there is poverty and poor sanitation. The likelihood of catching it in a city is cut down

many miles barefoot from their homes with produce for market.

In this Hemisphere, yaws is also found in Jamaica, Trinidad, and some other Caribbean islands and in the Guianas, Venezuela, Colombia, Peru, Bolivia, and Brazil. There is a low incidence in Central America. It occurs in many parts of Africa, in some areas in India, and in Burma, Ceylon, Thailand, Indo-China, southern China, Formosa, the Malay Archipelago, Indonesia, the Philippines, and the South Pacific islands. Very likely it was originally introduced into this Hemisphere from Africa via the slave trade.

Halfway around the world, in a remote section of Thailand, yaws is playing a grim role in an unusual



Explaining the disease and cure to country people is important first by the better sanitation, adequate clothing, paved streets, and lower injury rate there. Haiti's rugged, mountainous terrain not only makes a journey into town for treatment very difficult but also aggravates the sanitation problem in the countryside, since water must often be carried a long distance up steep slopes in a jug on the farmer's head. The influence of custom and ideas of comfort—as well as of economy—is apparent in the matter of shoes. For a long time, everyone entering Port-au-Prince has been required to wear them, but the farmers would don the footwear only at the city limits, after plodding

step in eradication program

drama. An American Museum of Natural History expedition recently reported success in rediscovering the pygmy-like, primitive tribal people called Phi Thong Luang. But only six men, one boy, and one woman remained. Tigers had eaten the other women and children. The boy had a bad case of malaria, and the woman was covered with yaws. The expedition leader, Robert Weaver, treated her with what penicillin he had, and she showed improvement but was not cured when they had to leave for more supplies. A rendezvous point was agreed on, but later examination of aerial photographs showed some



Donkeys wait at hitching rail while their owners receive clinic treatment for yaws and other diseases

fifty spots that met the tribesmen's description, and floods slowed down renewed search. Without protection or modern medical treatment, the woman appeared to be doomed, and her people with her.

Once the penicillin treatment for syphilis was discovered, it was inevitable that it would be tried for yaws as well. Dr. G. M. Findlay first used a crude preparation of penicillin on this disease in West Africa in 1943. But repeated injections over a period of days were necessary to maintain enough of the antibiotic in the tissues to destroy the organisms. Later development of procaine penicillin in an oil base with aluminum monostearate, which remains effective in the body for three days, made possible the "one-shot" technique that speeds up mass treatment.

Some clinics for yaws treatment—naturally without the help of the new antibiotics—were in operation in Haiti in the early thirties. The Rockefeller Foundation carried on yaws work there, as it has in other tropical areas in the Americas. And in 1943 the cooperative public health service known as SCISP, established by the Haitian Government and the U.S. Institute of Inter-American Affairs, began clinic treatment, principally in the Port-au-Prince area but also at other key points. At first only the most adventurous came in for treatment. When their neighbors saw how their lesions were healing, they arrived in growing numbers—on donkeys or on foot, walking on the sides of their feet because of the sores on their soles, sometimes even dragging themselves along the ground. Women brought their babies. By the middle of 1952, this project had cured a hundred thousand cases, at a cost to the institute of \$388,503.

Still, the problem called for a large-scale approach,

and early in 1950 the Haitian Government proposed a campaign to eradicate yaws from the entire country. It won the help of the Pan American Sanitary Bureau, the World Health Organization, and UNICEF to carry it out. From the official beginning of the program on July 20, 1950, down to the end of 1954, the Haitian Government invested \$604,000 in this work, WHO and the Sanitary Bureau \$177,000, and UNICEF \$553,165. The international health organizations provided technical consultants and paid their expenses. UNICEF furnished the penicillin, equipment, materials, and vehicles. The Haitian Government contributed the services of 117 employees to do the administrative work, give treatments, conduct surveys, and tabulate statistics. It also provided the necessary buildings and furniture, gas and service for the jeeps and trucks, and communications.

The campaign organization was set up directly under the Minister of Public Health, with considerable administrative autonomy, and was headed by a Haitian director who planned operations in consultation with the WHO/PASB specialists. Seventy-nine treatment men were recruited—many of them chauffeurs who had lost their jobs when the International Exposition closed down—and trained to recognize the lesions, administer penicillin, and keep records. Ability to drive and to ride a horse was essential in order to reach every remote cranny of the land. The success of these nonprofessional treatment



Before and after: Indonesian boy's face shows little trace of yaws sores two months after penicillin treatment

teams meant a great saving in technical personnel and much wider and quicker coverage than could have been achieved with doctors alone. It also set an example for other countries where medical personnel is scarce.

To check on the effectiveness of the treatment, a control center was established in the isolated community of Bainet. General medical service for all diseases was provided in order to win the cooperation of the villagers for follow-up studies. Because of the high prevalence of



At Bainet control center, staff treats local yaws patients, checks effectiveness of dosage



Small patient with infection on leg gets healing shot of penicillin as Haitian campaign nears completion



Propaganda and mapping teams ride to most remote sections of Haiti ahead of house-to-house treatment teams

yaws in the area, people flocked eagerly to the clinic, and rapid cures again helped to attract more. Awarding the patient a small bar of soap on each post-treatment visit kept him coming back, since from the farmers' viewpoint soap is scarce and expensive in the country. Infectious yaws cases were given red identification cards, non-infectious cases green ones, and cases other than yaws white ones. Since only the red-card holders received the soap, there was some exchange and bartering of cards to gain this advantage, but the staff managed to keep identities straight nonetheless.

So that as many patients as possible might be reached in the shortest time, anyone with yawslike symptoms was treated as a "case" of yaws and given a six-hundred-thousand-unit penicillin injection. Anyone who had family or other relations with a "case" was considered a contact and given a three-hundred-thousand-unit dose. This

is essential in an eradication campaign, since contacts may have the disease in a latent stage and not show symptoms until much later. In effect, this meant treating practically the entire rural population. While larger dosages are necessary to cure syphilis, these injections were sufficient to afford the additional advantage of making any syphilis sufferers noninfectious.

At the start of the mass program in the Département du Sud, the "daily clinic" method was used. The people of each area were told to meet at certain spots on given days to be examined and treated. Up to October 27, 1951, 666,738 people were treated this way, 54.9 per cent of them as "cases." Population figures were not available in the beginning, but the 1950 census returns showed that only 62.5 per cent of the people in the treated zone had been reached. For this reason, the "house-to-house" method was adopted in place of the clinic system, permitting coverage of 97.7 per cent of the population in the areas where it was used.

First a mapping and publicity team would visit a zone two or three weeks before planned treatment to interview government and church authorities and leading citizens, persuading them to spread the word that all citizens should stay in their homes on a given day to receive treatment. Going through the fields, the team made the same announcement to the farmers and drew maps to guide the treatment teams. These, made up of eight or nine men, would then visit every home in the assigned area, treating everyone present and keeping count of who was away. Combining the totals under the clinic and house-to-house systems, 3,501,450 people were treated down to the end of 1954, 1,279,564 of them as "cases."

Surveys made a year or more after treatment in sections where the house-to-house method was used showed an incidence of only 0.3 per cent; in the central part of the Département du Sud, where the clinic method was first used, the figure reached 1.1 per cent. Last year, the teams went back to the southern region to cover the worst area house-to-house. Average incidence throughout the country now is probably no more than one half of one per cent. To stamp out the remaining infections, the country has been divided into some seventy-nine zones, with an inspector permanently on duty in each to seek out active cases as early as possible. Strict cooperation of the population in revealing symptoms is essential for the success of this mopping-up operation. After two years, the special yaws program will be completed and subsequent cases will be treated under the regular rural health service. Vigilance must always be maintained against any possible new outbreak, of course.

This bold attack on a major scourge of mankind has not only relieved intense human suffering, but has also lifted a crushing burden from the national economy. Moreover, the experience gained in such programs is a big help in building permanent, all-around health services where they have never before been available. If the Haitian example is followed with perseverance and devotion in the other affected lands, we may see the day when yaws can be crossed off the world list of debilitating and crippling diseases. • • •

ads infinitum

between the lines of the classifieds

Armando S. Pires

IF YOU WANT to get rid of that old piano cluttering up the living room, if you're interested in buying or selling a used typewriter, finding an apartment, a window washer, or an algebra teacher, you may, of course, ask around among your friends, but more likely than not you will resort to the Classified pages of your newspaper.

It would be difficult to ascertain exactly how and when classified advertising came to be an indispensable section of most modern dailies, but nowadays they're as much a part of newspaper-making as the editorials—and in one sense more important, for they are, after all, a considerable source of income.

Aside from their usefulness, ads are a wonderful source of amusement. While I have never conducted a survey on the matter, I have no doubt that I am not the only person in the world who reads them for fun. I've been doing so for years and I find that this hobby, if you can call it that, pays off in human interest, sometimes in laughs, often in considerable bafflement. There was, for example, the Lima, Peru, daily with an ad reading: "Dogs. Police puppies, excellent watchdogs, of good character." In the same paper a farmer advertised his "supertonic eggs, wonderful to recover your energy and health."

If you ever look up the Classified section in a Brazilian newspaper, you'll be struck at once by two features that distinguish it from its U.S. counterparts: first, physicians advertise freely—a practice considered unethical in this country; second, you will see ads in different languages. In a recent Sunday issue of the Rio *Correio da Manhã* German, British, and French firms proclaimed in bold-face type and each in its own language their need for a stenographer. The ads were all on one page of the paper, and, scattered among dozens of ads in Portuguese,



"Supertonic eggs, wonderful to recover your energy and health," were advertised in Peruvian paper

these particular headings stuck out: "STENOTYPISTIN fuer deutsch/engl. Korrespondenz"; "BRITISH FIRM wants Engl.-Port. steno"; and "STENO-DACTYLO EN FRANÇAIS." The main reason must be that Brazil is more of an importing than an exporting country, and local branches of foreign companies must correspond with the home office in their own language; another is that, there being far less competition for jobs there than in the United States, prospective employers must go further to attract attention.

Medical ads in Latin American papers would seem shocking and bewildering to North Americans. Though most are worded in a perfectly discreet, dignified manner, some are quite specific regarding the kind of diseases that the advertising doctor specializes in treating, and even go so far as to imply that the physician in question will make one's love life more satisfactory. This sort of thing is frowned upon, naturally, by the more respectable segment of the medical profession, but there is no legal check on such practices. In one issue of a Uruguayan paper, something like ten or twelve midwives are listed, one of whom boasts a medal of honor, presumably acquired for excellence in her work, although no reason is proffered.

Another feature of the classified-ad pages in Brazilian newspapers that contrasts with U.S. mores is the manner in which families announce the death of a loved one. The space bought for such purposes is often two columns wide—about three and a half inches—and at least three inches deep. The text, preceded by a heading (the deceased's name) in bold-face fourteen-point type, goes something like this: "José Alves, his wife, and children hereby fulfill the painful duty of informing their friends of the death of their mother, mother-in-law, and grand-

mother Maria Alves, whose funeral services will be held tomorrow. . . ." A week later, a similar announcement comes out, inviting friends and relatives to the Seventh-Day Mass; sometimes this goes on almost indefinitely, a Thirtieth-Day Mass, a First-Year Mass, and so on, being scheduled by the more devout and, I might add, more prosperous.

And then there are the English-language periodicals printed in Latin American countries. In one of them, a daily published in Brazil, I found an ad last year praising the advantages of a certain apartment for rent in Rio. This apartment, according to the ad, boasted "maid's dependencies" and "telephone disposal"—that is to say, "servants' quarters" and "use of telephone." To be sure, boners occur in U.S. papers too, like the announcement of a wedding in Iowa, which was attended, according to the newspaper account, by "only intermediate friends."

A Brazilian perusing U.S. newspapers might be surprised to find two things he will never have seen in his country: A personals column and that typical product of U.S. life, the Motor Travel items, in which somebody offers or seeks rides to and from work every day or to some place hundreds of miles away. Not all U.S. papers carry a Personals column, of course, and some give it more prominence than others. One outstanding example is a literary weekly's famous section, which was notably watered down a few years ago. Since almost anything went in the days when it flourished, one could spot truly suggestive gems of the lonely-hearts, let's-get-together-and-have-some-fun-on-a-cultural-level type. One that I remember particularly said something like this: "Widow, under 40, likes books, music, travel, would welcome correspondence with gentleman similarly inclined. Box xxx." And another: "Sailor, 30, blond, athletic. What have you?"

That sort of thing can be found in Brazil only in very specialized publications, like the humor magazine *Riso* (Laughter), which isn't very funny when it tries to be and can be excruciatingly so when it purports to be serious—that is, in its regular "lonely hearts" department. This is a page or two devoted to brief biographical data on men or women who are frankly looking for mates. Here's a choice—and typical—bit from a late-1954 issue: "Portuguese male, 41 years of age, can read and write. Personable, kind, never married. Would like to meet young Brazilian woman, dark-haired and dark-eyed, about 5'5" tall, chubby, good cook, for strictly matrimonial purposes." In the United States there are, of course, similar publications, some of them devoted entirely to brief autobiographical items occasionally accompanied by a photograph. One lady, "over 57, generally accepted as 50 years due to no age lines," bought more than thirty lines' worth of space in one of those publications to advertise her charms and seek "man, 57 to 67, refined gentlemenly [sic] instincts, veterans or retirement status desirable. . . ." And she goes on to say that she wants "sincere, considerate, slightly conservative companion of affection and fidelity." Another lady, this one sixty-six

years old, "would like to correspond with man about my age, 150-160 lbs., with some income." The men are right in there pitching, too. One says that he is "healthy, husky, fairly good looking," and wants "gigantic wife, 20-35, 5'6"-6'1", 300-690 lbs.; no children." Another has "no serious objection to children," although he himself has "3 children by previous marriage."

In case you don't know it, Motor Travel ads are among the few that must be paid for in advance of publication; after all, the very nature of the ad suggests that the advertiser may not be available when the paper gets around to billing him. Other ads in this category include Business Opportunities, Situations Wanted, and our old friend Personals. Be that as it may, the United States may well be the only country in the world where you can place an ad in a newspaper by telephone, and pay at the end of the month. Sometimes the Classified Department will call back to check your order, but more often than not they will simply take your word for it, literally, when you give them your name and phone number.

The Classified section lends itself, unfortunately, to the pursuit of a number of profitable and often undetectable rackets. Recently an ad came out in a Washington, D. C., newspaper announcing that a Massachusetts firm wanted to hire housewives to address envelopes at home, at so much per. A box number was given, to which applicants were to send their name and address and a sample of their handwriting. One woman who answered received by return mail a letter from this New England outfit notifying her that her handwriting was simply wonderful, and would she please send them one dollar to cover postage on the material they were going to ship to her? The poor unsuspecting soul did just that, and that was the last she heard of it. When she tried to collect her dollar from the newspaper in which the ad had appeared, she was told that the management could not be responsible. Legally, nothing could be done, for she couldn't possibly prove she had sent any money. By the time the Better Business Bureau took out after the mythical firm, its officials had conveniently moved away—leaving no forwarding address. Earlier this year, the Scripps-Howard newspapers printed a series of exposés of the so-called learn-and-earn rackets, which advertise spurious instruction courses, correspondence schools, and so on, slyly implying that employment will be assured upon completion of schooling.

In both Latin America and the United States, religious people often resort to the Classified section of their newspaper to offer public thanks to a saint "for favors granted." A recent issue of *Diário de Notícias*, another Rio paper of wide circulation, printed a small item signed by a woman who said: "On my knees I thank Our Lady of Fatima for a favor granted"; in a New Orleans daily I found a curious juxtaposition in the Personals column the other day. Underneath an announcement (signed with two initials) by someone thanking "St. Jude, St. Anthony, and all saints for prayers answered," a gentleman had inserted an item



Here's how you can "get rid of that old piano cluttering up the living room"

that read: "Contrary to my former statement, I am responsible for debts contracted by my wife." Obviously a day of great rejoicing and peace-making all over Louisiana.

Human interest, pathos, and humor can be found throughout the Classified pages, and not only under Personals. A month or so ago I found an ad something like this, under Rooms Wanted, in a Washington paper: "Drum student wants room. Must be no objection to noise." And in the *Diversos* section of a Rio paper, someone who must have suddenly decided to take the steep, narrow path of virtue advertises: "Five quarts of Scotch whiskey. Telephone 37-6440." When I myself once placed an Apartment Wanted ad I was astonished at the response, both as to quantity and as to variety and quality. It was the first time I realized that a lot of people will use the Classified section of their newspaper as a means to meet others, either out of sheer loneliness or for purposes less worthy of sympathy. One way to discourage that sort of thing is to give a box number instead of your phone number. The unscrupulous or the nosy will be far less apt to write in than to call up.

Quite frequently ads reflect the times we live in, like a recent grim one in a Washington, D. C., paper: "Bomb shelters built in your home, yard, or lot." And one in a Bogotá, Colombia, daily advertises: "New furniture and telephone for sale." When power shortages were common in Rio, you'd frequently see technicians announcing that they would install a small generator

right on your premises (incidentally, many people, especially store owners, took them up on the offer).

Of all types of classified ads, perhaps the most tell-tale are the "swap" kind. In a newspaper in São Paulo, Brazil, where cars are expensive, someone wanted to exchange his jeep for a desirable plot of land somewhere in the district of Brooklyn Novo; and in a Buenos Aires magazine some anonymous but obviously fuming person put this in: "I will exchange a wedding dress for a double-barreled shotgun." Which brings us to a Lima, Peru, classified that said, and I am translating literally: "Young lady wanted, with bed, for employment by single person."

The Lost and Found department of classified ads is a "natural" for anyone in search of the pathetic, for there you will read about anything from a missing parakeet ("vivid-blue; answers to 'Jo-Jo'") to a lost wallet ("money needed desperately"). People are always losing the most unexpected things, including teeth, eye-glasses, and other personal items that you'd think they'd have become literally and inseparably attached to. One young lady recently pleaded with the readers of a daily newspaper to return a sweater that she had lost on a streetcar one winter night. The ad didn't say whether she'd been wearing it at the time, but somehow one likes to think so. Another such item that attracted my attention irresistibly had to do with the loss of "one very small dog, brown and black, on US 90 Sunday morning." The animal's breed isn't mentioned; he was just "one very small dog," and was sorely missed. • • •



"Healthy, husky, fairly good looking," he put in an ad for a "gigantic wife"



there's no place like the OZARKS

Pearl Anoe

Coffee grows on white oak trees
Rivers flow with brandy, O.
Go choose some one to roam with you
As sweet as Tasses candy, O.
Four in the middle
Hello Susan Brown!
Git out o' the ring if you cain't jump, Josie,
Git out o' the ring if you cain't jump, Josie,
Git out o' the ring if you cain't jump, Josie,
Hello Susan Brown!

As a hillbilly mother sings her baby to sleep, the familiar "Hello Susan Brown" echoes across "Ole Mill Holler." Then she begins to yodel to the tune of "Hell Among the Yearlins," accompanied by the chop, chop, chop of an axe as her man earns his breakfast of hot cakes and sorghum, eggs, oatmeal, coffee, and Ozark honey. (They eat "hearty" in the hill country because they sow, reap, harvest, can, pickle, and salt down.)

Ozark mountain folk live in a land of "Blue Skies and Laughing Waters" that stretches over fifty thousand square miles from the foothills near St. Louis across

Modern highways like this near Noel, Missouri, lead through picturesque Ozark region in central U.S.A. . . .



... but it's more fun to go adventuring on the back roads

Mill built by nineteenth-century pioneers still grinds corn for Ozarkians of today



Missouri into northwest Arkansas and northeast Oklahoma. A region of rich soil, spring-fed streams, pure air, and frequent rainfall, it has never failed to provide abundance for those within its boundary—from the bear and deer meat, dried fruits, nuts, grapes, roots, and herbs of Osage-Cherokee times down to today's prizewinning apples and giant strawberries.

Old settlers send their tobacco juice shooting skyward as they reminisce about the early days, when they arrived to find the gushing springs around which they built their homes and towns. They are vague about the origin of the name "Ozarks." Some say the word came from the wood used by the Indians for their bows and arrows, *bois d'arc*; others argue that it derives from the French term for the Indian weapons, *aux arcs*, meaning "with bows and arrows."

The Ozarks, they tell you, are among the oldest mountains in the world, worn down through the ages until they are now only remnants of a once-lofty chain. Archeologists believe the semicivilized "Rock-Shelter People" antedated the Indians who were here when the white men came. All this is part of the territory once ruled by the Spanish and the French and eventually acquired by the United States in 1803 under the Louisiana Purchase. The earliest permanent settlers came along early in the nineteenth century, mostly from Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, but also from North Carolina, Mississippi, and Alabama.

The history of the Ozarks is a history of America. As families settled and reports of their prosperity drifted back to "civilization," close friends and relatives joined them—and the frontier was pushed westward.



Lake of the Ozarks, formed by construction of Bagnell Dam, was made into Missouri state park

Today caves formed a million years before Columbus came to America are hidden among rocks and trees. The entrances are flanked on either side by long benches, and the names of the famous springs are carved above the archways. In these cool recesses hill folk and summer visitors meet to "set a spell," while the steady drip of the water whispers of its long trail through the rocks, only



Sorghum juice is boiled down into syrup. Stalks are used as fodder

to be harnessed for man's comfort.

"Yep, Cass, them days are gone," one old-timer will say to another while waiting for the interminable drip of the water to fill their jugs. "In the early days the Dalton, James, and Younger desperadoes made life interestin' for us and our stagecoach-lines. But we still got our springs left. That water will cure anything. When old Miss Wixter came here on a stretcher, blind and deaf, who'd a thought she'd get well from drinkin' the spring water and bathin' her eyes in it? Yep, she can see and hear now and she's a hundred and two and spry as a hound pup."

Down the road a piece lives Hugo, a real Thoreau of the Ozarks, who carried thousands of native rocks from the hills in a wheelbarrow to build his terraced gardens. In the nearby woodland the "book woman," as the residents call her, poor yet too proud to live with a relative, gathers native berries, nuts, and persimmons, and brush to burn in her little stove. She is as old as her tumble-down shack, yet smiles cheerily as she voices her love for the hill country: "I'll stay here till I die. Here I am free. I'm the Captain of my Soul."

These are the genuine mountaineers I met in the heart of the Ozarks. I threaded the paved highways that wind through the hills and "hollers," bordered by limestone cliffs. Every crevice of the flint-rock mountains is filled with vines, shrubs, wild flowers, and trees. Trails with names like Persimmon Row and Paw Paw Road beg for exploration, and groves of natural pines and cedars are nature's picnic grounds. Some houses are perched high upon the jutting rocks amid the pines, while "way down yonder" on level ground the creek runs lazily through the town and goats graze beside mild-eyed cows. No wonder newcomers are crowding into the Ozarks, all the way from St. Louis and Kansas City down to Roaring River, with its famous fishing, and across the state line into Arkansas. The fertile land has been cheap, as has home-building, even though prices have gone up.

Nature has always been kind to Ozarkians. They have never worried about eating, sleeping, or fine clothes; yet fashion is changing today's hillbilly women. "Styles when I came," says an eighty-year-old woman, "was calico dresses and a sunbonnet. Sixty years ago my bridegroom brought me here from Tennessee. We chopped down

forest trees to make the trail and camped under a tall pine tree (we called them settlers' trees). One of them stands across the street from my house today. We hunted deer, elk, wolves, wildcats, bear, wild geese, and turkeys. We built our first cabin. Winters we would creep out from under our bearskin covers in early morning to dress beside a roarin' fire in the big fireplace. Pa was great on fireplaces.

"We had to use a staff to climb the hills. I decked mine out with a ribbon bow and was the Belle of the Town, only I got here before the town did. Years ago Jesse James and the Dalton boys gave us a bad reputation, but we sort of missed 'em when they got their just deserts. Carry Nation came along and made almost as



Women still gather for quilting parties as their grandmothers did



Pots go into a kiln near Dexter, Missouri

much excitement with her hatchets choppin' saloons into kindlin' wood. One of my sons was agent in the new depot we were so proud of. Carry came in, jerked a pipe from his mouth, and threw it into the big stove. He didn't say a word, but when she shipped her square piano away one day she paid for a top full of bricks he put in it.

"Yes, we finally got our railroad. A one-man road they blasted right through rocks to get here, and they still back into town. I boarded the husky builders until it was finished. Pa's dead now, but I hope to stay in these hills for a long, long time yet."

Up on a high hill lives another native who speaks in a soft, low voice. "I'm a hillbilly and proud of it," she told me. "I love my hills. That was the reason I built my cabin like my forefathers lived in when they settled here. I'm part Cherokee Indian, and proud of that, too."

Like most newcomers, I had heard frightening tales of the Ozark snakes. "I'd like to know before I go exploring—" I said.

She laughed. "You'll probably never see one today. The rush of new residents has pushed them back until we never think of them. They're afraid of you, anyway. Lizards won't hurt anybody, but we don't care much for a scorpion."

"What do they look like?"

She closed one big eye in a wink. "Oh, little, and sort of long. Their tails stand up straight and the stinger is on the tip of it, so all you have to do is watch out for the tail." She chuckled. "We don't see many of those, either, since so many people have come all through our hills to live and build cities and big dams."

Over in Happy Hollow I found a sturdy hillbilly who sells his homemade mattresses all through the hills. Selling in the Ozarks is a weird business. Here's his story of a two-day sales trip in his truck.

"I started before sunup and drove to a county where few strangers have traveled, even yet. They still have crossroads stores, sunbonnets, bare feet, and a welcome if you're the right kind of a person and you agree to 'set' till dinner's ready. Then the family gathers around you and all start dippin' their sweet-gum sticks into fine powder snuff of tobacco leaf stems. These sticks are three inches long, and they chew one end into a brush. They offer you a new brush, and you'd better dip with the rest of them."

"Back there they talk like their folks did when they came here. They say *cain't* and *her'n*, *his'n* and *kiver*, *yourn* and *Injun*, *winder* and *piller*, *chur* and *whur*, *just* and *tote*. They are 'as pore as Job's turkey' and they still 'cut their didoes.' Some believe in snake charms, and they plant, prune trees, and dehorn cattle by the sign of the moon. From the early log-rollin' days down to our time, the hill men give help to each other."

"They have houses over a hundred years old, the hewn type, generally with black walnut and wild cherry ceilings. Some were built with no floors, doors, shutters, or windows. Those were the old cabins, sixteen feet square and eight or ten feet high."

"I like to hear the old folks tell about the shootin' matches, wrestlin', foot races, horseshoe, mumble peg,



Locally made fiddles produce music for hoedowns all over the region



Noted Lake of the Ozarks square dancers entertain summer visitors



Younger generation learns traditional Ozark art of weaving

and pitchin' knives, with prizes of beef quarters and hogs. Women had quiltin' parties, they cooked for house-raising dinners, candy pullings, and dances. Puncheon floors were stomped to the tunes of 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' 'Long-Eared Mule,' and 'Old Dan Tucker.' Today these same tunes are fiddled for our square dances.

"But about my sales, I followed the grapevine telephone, which had told me to see Cap Jenner. I drove up the rough trail and said, 'Howdy.' Cap nodded. 'Howdy. Come in and set.' I went in. We sat, smoked, and took snuff but never said a blamed word about a mattress. Came dinnertime. I ate so much all I wanted was to go out to my truck and stretch out on a mattress. We went back and set till five o'clock. I got up. 'Reckon I better be goin'. Aim to stay all night somewhere and find a buyer for a mattress.'

"Cap got up and we walked out to my truck. 'Bring in my mattress. I see you got two. Up the road a piece old Brock might want one, if you get time to stop.'

"I stayed at Brock's all night and at noon the next day carried the other mattress into his house. That's the way we trade. Sometimes it takes hillbillies two days to finish a horse trade."

An outdoor auction is another meeting place for town and hill folk. They listen to the auctioneer, buy what they want, visit, and tell you that no "city slicker" ever put anything over on a hillbilly.

"Gosh, but it's good to be home," said an Ozark war veteran. "Look at that crowd. Sol's the best auctioneer

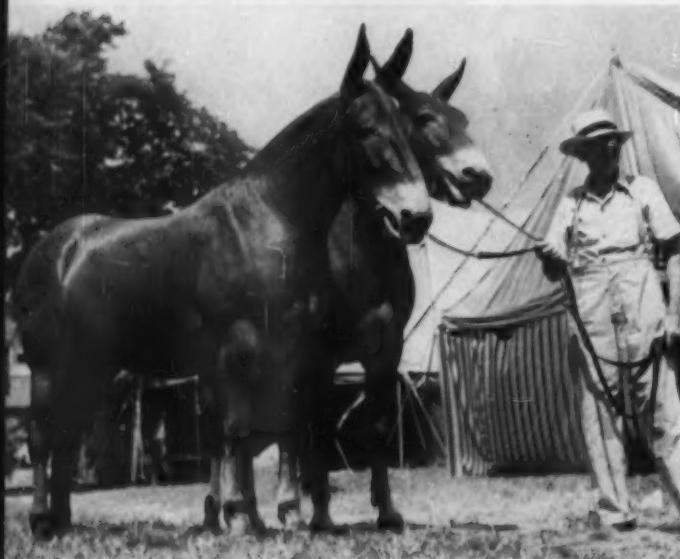


Cattle grow fat in fertile Ozark pastures

At many resort towns I found an Expectation Row. There, an old-timer told me, "widders, widderers, and spinsters set and set on the iron seats, restin' under the trees, just expecting to get a husband or wife—and sometimes they get one. But there was old Jep—he set in a Missouri row until he found a nice widder, who later took his car and his house and tried to get his pension, which was too much, so he got a divorce. I asked him if he was cured, and he said, 'Nope! I aim to snare me another widder. Just 'cause one apple in the barrel is rotten is no sign they're all rotten.'"

Hillbillies go to church, as the bells announce musically in town and country. In the hills the church is usually a

Recent addition to a satisfying life is local rodeos each summer



Missouri mules, famous for their quality

I ever heard. Look at some of our women. Their curves begin at the knees and go up, but they're the finest folks in the world. And can they cook! Look at them and you'll know. We don't need fine clothes here. We have what it takes to be neighbors and real Americans, which is something a person has to have inside his heart." He was not ashamed of the tears in his eyes.

one-room school building, although consolidated schools are springing up in many areas. One Sunday morning I drove to a wilderness schoolhouse to attend the service. This was one of the widely known "All-Day Hillbilly Singings," with the congregation taking time out only for the midday feast, which was laid out on long tables in the big yard beneath the arching trees. The singers sat with their knees pressed tightly under the ancient desks scarred by the jackknives of yesteryear. As the music rolled through the open windows, the birds and even the dancing leaves seemed to join in the chorus. The children put on their own show. They marched to the platform, the teacher twanged a tuning fork, and they



Herd of fine goats on Ozark farm

caroled lustily, while parents kept time with their feet, proudly watching their Sally or Joe. And who knows? Sally or Joe may be the radio singers of tomorrow!

Hillbillies adapt easily to change and have picked up many new tunes. But they never desert the old favorites like "Crawdad," doubtless of Negro origin:

Sittin' on the ice till my feet got cold, sugar-babe,
Sittin' on the ice till my feet got cold, sugar-babe,
Sittin' on the ice till my feet got cold.
Watchin' that crawdad go to his hole, sugar-babe.
CHORUS Crawdad, crawdad, you'd better dig deep, sugar-babe,
Crawdad, crawdad, you'd better dig deep, sugar-babe,
Crawdad, crawdad, you'd better dig deep,
For I'm a-goin' to ramble in my sleep, sugar-babe.
Sittin' on the ice till my feet got hot, sugar-babe,
Sittin' on the ice till my feet got hot, sugar-babe,
Sittin' on the ice till my feet got hot.
Watchin' that crawdad rock and trot, sugar-babe.
CHORUS

With no Indian wars ahead, no outlaws to capture, the Ozark hillbillies have turned to new business ventures, raising purebred cattle and the nation's finest broilers, fruits, and vegetables. But when the hunting or fishing season rolls around, they leave their fields to the Great Builder. The Ozarks are tied together by the old White River, which is brimming with bass, pike, catfish, sunfish, and crappies. Sportsmen ride the river for hours, just "settin'" on a camp chair as they cast to right or left. Although today's hunters go after gray and red fox, squirrels, rabbits, birds, and quail, the most enticing music to their ears is the baying of hound dogs waiting

for the possum hunt. Another sport that thrills the visitors is the "coon hunt," with the Ozark hounds running their own pari-mutuel race. A raccoon is hung from a tree in a sack in some faraway "holler"; the hound that gets there first is the winner. But the raccoon goes unharmed.

The beauty of the Ozark country is perpetual. Spring is blossom time; summer offers long, lazy days of swimming, fishing, and hiking; autumn brings a parade of visitors, for then the scarlet threads of sumac gleam through the green of the pines and Jack Frost dusts his paint brush over hills and valleys. In winter there is skiing, hunting, skating, and frolics with hoedowns and hillbilly fiddlers who make the Ozark hills ring with "Black-Eyed Susan," "Pop Goes the Weasel," and other gay old tunes.

A popular tourist stamping ground is the Lake of the Ozarks, formed by Bagnell Dam; along its 1,375 miles of shoreline lies the Lake of the Ozarks State Park, covering 1,600 acres. But perhaps the best-known spot is the little city of Noel, which receives half a million pieces of pre-Christmas mail from all over the world, to be stamped with this strategic message in the shape of a Christmas tree:

From
Noel, Mo.
The Christmas City
in the
Ozark Vacation Land
Noel Lions Club

• • •



Gourmets delight in huge Ozark strawberries, which are flown to distant cities to be served while still fresh





Monterrey Institute of Technology campus nestles at foot of La Silla (Saddle Mountain), a favorite local landmark

Monterrey Tech

a revolution in
Mexican education

Rómulo González Irigoyen



Mural in relief adorns library

Center of campus has pleasant gardens





THE TOUGHEST MOMENT I had to face on a recent trip to study in the United States came when Mrs. Louise Wright posed this question to me on her Chicago radio program, "A Small World": "In your opinion, what has been the most important social phenomenon in Mexico in the last few years?"

"I believe the most significant change has taken place in the educational field," I managed to reply.

As director of the midwestern office of the Institute of International Education and the wife of a renowned professor of international law at the University of Chicago, Mrs. Wright was keenly interested in educational problems and wanted to hear more.

In rather hesitant English, I explained what we can call the "Mexican educational revolution." The heart of that revolution, I feel, lies in the very important development of technical and scientific training. Two decades ago, most university students followed the so-called "liberal professions"—law, medicine, philosophy, and literature. Today, the largest group of students takes

courses in mechanical engineering, chemistry, agronomy, business administration, and other technical fields.

This change is noteworthy because it indicates a radical shift in national attitudes and group aims. Mexico is no longer content just to dream of romantic ideals and produce poets, orators, or historians, although it continues to encourage art strongly. A realistic, objective spirit predominates in the vigorous drive to solve knotty technical problems, boost productivity, develop industry, stimulate pure and applied scientific research.

The Technological Institute of Monterrey stands as a model and symbol of this new era. It came into existence in 1943 in that industrialized capital of Nuevo León State as an ambitious project with a modest start.

Eugenio Garza Sada, one of Mexico's most dynamic businessmen, president of the Cuauhtémoc brewery and a main pillar of Monterrey industry, was the chief leader and inspiration of the twenty-seven men who banded together to back the institute. He is quiet and calm in appearance, a man of unbreakable faith and boundless

Institute boasts charming outdoor swimming pool



Stadium saw school's U.S.-style football team become area champs





*Víctor Bravo Ahuja,
director of the
Institute*



*Alfonso González
Segovia, director
of finance*



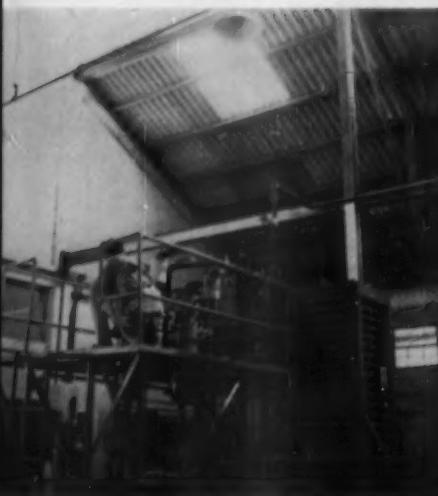
*Eliot Camarena, dean
of the School of
Engineering*



*Emilio Guzmán Lozano,
dean of the School of
Accounting*



*José Emilio Amores,
dean of the
Preparatory School*



*Practical work in electrical
engineering shop*



*Physics laboratory has modern
experimental equipment*



*Laboratory session for aspiring
chemical engineers*

energy. A graduate of M.I.T., he had long dreamed of creating such a center to train technologists for Mexico.

The first classes were given in improvised classrooms and laboratories in a rented house and part of the third floor of a bank building; boarding students stayed in what had been an old hotel. From the original eager one hundred, the student body rose to 350 in the first year.

Today, the institute's own modern glass-and-concrete buildings rise on an extensive campus in the outskirts of the city. There more than three thousand students receive intensive advanced training, experiment in the laboratories, carry out projects of their own, and hold the regional championship in U.S.-style football. In twelve years, the faculty has increased from fourteen to over a hundred. Regular daytime courses are given in a preparatory school, in another school that embraces mechanical, civil, electrical, chemical, and agricultural engineering and architecture, and in a school of accounting, economics, and business administration. At night, courses in mechanical and bookkeeping skills are offered for the benefit of working people.

About a third of the students live in Monterrey; the others come from all over Mexico and a number of foreign countries. Some six hundred hold scholarships granted by the institute, business firms, or a special fund.

The school's work extends far beyond the regular courses. Its department of agriculture, for example, has

an experiment station that has produced various new hybrid varieties of corn and wheat adapted to this drought-ridden part of the country. The seed is donated to nearby farmers, and the advanced students show them the latest cultivation methods. The Rockefeller Foundation and other institutions have helped generously to make these advances possible and to equip modern laboratories.

In the summer, practical lessons in the use of farm machinery, fertilizers, insecticides, and so on are given for area farmers, while business executives and personnel officers can take classes in industrial relations. Special emphasis is placed on the summer school for U.S. students, which offers courses in Spanish, English, mathematics, literature, history, philosophy, sociology, geography, folklore, arts and crafts, and architecture and planning, with particular attention given to Mexico and Latin America in general.

An institute of industrial research has been established at Monterrey Tech in affiliation with the Southwest Research Institute of San Antonio, Texas, offering inexpensive technical investigations for industry. Its studies have facilitated the practical manufacture of wax from the cactuslike spurge, organization of a refrigerator assembly plant, preliminary planning of a system of inexpensive, prefabricated houses, and many other projects.

Not long ago, for the first time in Mexico, a special

Monterrey Tech course in "directed energy" was given for high business executives. Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, a legendary figure in the field of scientific organization and made even more famous by Hollywood in *Cheaper by the Dozen*, conducted the sessions, along with Jerome Barnum and other New York authorities. The lively classes were a huge success and found immediate practical application, for Monterreyans are men of action who have converted this desert spot into the country's second-ranking industrial center. Within a few weeks, the electric company, the brick works, and other important industries were studying and applying the new doctrine.

Life at the institute is not all work: sports and recreational activities play an important role, along with a campus newspaper. And not only the student body and faculty but subscribers from all over Monterrey have benefited from the institute's art society, which has brought such fine performers as Rubinstein, Milstein, Sandor, Zavaleta, and Menuhin within their reach.

Monterrey Tech is the only institution of higher education outside the United States that is a Class-A member of the Southwestern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, which makes possible a valuable exchange of information, professors, and students with colleges north of the border. Hundreds of its graduates occupy executive positions in the country's leading industries, and the department of professional relations has many unfilled requests from other firms for technicians, engineers, and accountants.

This vigorous academic development, in the space of barely twelve years, is basically due to the fact that the institution is supported by private initiative, which in itself marks a revolution in Mexico, where higher education is primarily dependent on government resources. It has been a leader in many fields—in the organization of semester terms, in the system of full-time professors exclusively devoted to teaching and research, in high academic standards, in social service, in adult education, and so on. Today there are five other technological institutes in the country and the National University has changed its traditional system and begun to employ full-time teachers.

The Monterrey Technological Institute has not run out of ambitious projects, and its directors are constantly coming up with fresh ideas. Close contact is maintained with other educational bodies. Not long ago the director, Victor Bravo Ahuja, a graduate of the National University who did postgraduate work at the California



New hybrid corn raised
at experiment station



Agriculture students thresh individual wheat plants to check yield

Institute of Technology and the University of Michigan, was invited to Argentina, Peru, and other South American countries to give a series of technical lectures. Emilio Guzmán Lozano, director of the school of accounting, recently completed a trip to study the teaching systems at Harvard and M.I.T.

All this is part of a program of constant overhauling and communication of ideas. The teachers keep up to date on the latest scientific advances, exchange of teachers with other universities is frequently arranged, representatives take part in international scientific congresses.

Above and beyond all these outward manifestations there is a genuine love of truth, a firm faith in the country and its destiny, a desire for universal solidarity and peace based on mutual understanding, a profound belief that in knowledge lies freedom. • • •

Agricultural experiment station has led the way in adapting crops to region



Proceeds of student soda shop support school for poor children



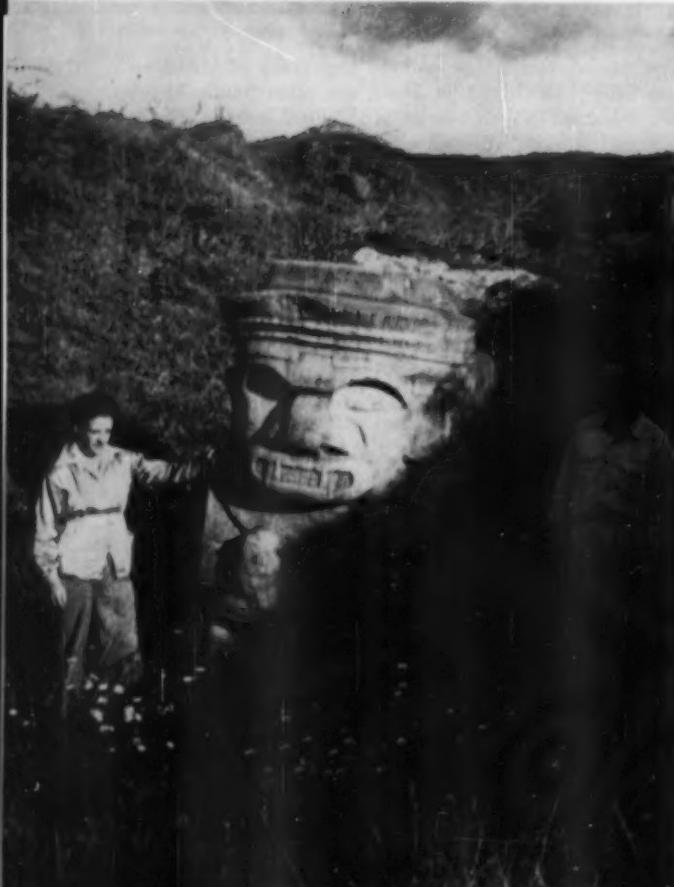
Student facilities are complete down to campus barbershop



THE PAST IN A PARK

*Monuments of a lost civilization
in Colombia's
unusual archeological preserve*

Malcolm K. Burke



Young Colombian watchman with stone totemic warrior of lost civilization in San Agustín Archeological Park

JUST STEP OUT THE DOOR of the administration building in Colombia's Archeological Park, beside the Indian village of San Agustín, and you find yourself in the Hemisphere's strangest garden. Not mere flowers or trees, but row on row of monoliths greet your eyes. Some are tall, some squat, some in crude relief, some perfectly chiseled. All are gray and very old, but they probably represent work done over several centuries. Five hundred monoliths are the harvest of the first years of excavation and detailed study of these relics of a culture that still remains shrouded in mystery.

Guillermo Guerrero (left) and Eduardo Unda, park director and regional archeological chief, examine ferocious idol

About 175 acres are set off in this unique preserve lying near the headwaters of the Magdalena River, in the angle between the country's central and eastern cordilleras. My visit in 1952 involved a three-hour plane trip from Bogotá to Garzón, then four hours on a rickety, bumping bus. A new road to Neiva and Popayán has since made it readily accessible to the tourist. San Agustín itself, with a population of one thousand, offers no decent hotel facilities and only a spare cot for one man is available at park headquarters. It would make a fine site for a tourist hotel, for the administration building, at an altitude of 5,100 feet, enjoys a mild climate and complete freedom from insect pests, even mosquitoes.

The culture represented there has been called "Agustinian," from the name of the village, although scholars prefer "Megalithic North Andean" as more descriptive. No one knows what name the ancient stone carvers applied to themselves.

Their civilization must have come to an end, or they must at least have moved away, before the Spanish conquistadors arrived; otherwise, their notable artistry would undoubtedly have attracted the newcomers' attention. Sebastián de Belalcázar passed close by the site of the park around 1537 but reported no archeological finds.

The statues were first mentioned by Francisco José de Caldas, a naturalist of the late eighteenth century. An Italian explorer named Codazzi discovered many of the figures in 1857 and described them carefully. The first scholar to make a special trip to the site expressly to study them was the German archeologist and ethnologist K. T. Preuss, who worked at San Agustín in 1913 and 1914 and took some statues and plaster models of others back to the Berlin Ethnological Museum. Later, the Colombian scholars Gregorio Hernández de Alba and José Pérez de Barradas surveyed the park area, and Luis Duque Gómez directed recent excavations. Their research made it clear that Colombia has a major archeological treasure here. The park is administered by the Institute of Ethnological Research of the National Museum in Bogotá.

The area is full of idols, warriors, women, and a variety of beasts, birds, and serpents, all of stone. The style of this art is unusual. The sense of ornament that marks the most ancient Buddhist art or Aztec remains is lacking, but there is supreme purity of the sculptured line. Preuss pointed out some similarities and common motifs in this work and the ancient art of Chavín de Huántar and Nazca in Peru, Tiahuanaco in Bolivia, and other archeological sites in Central America. The exact meaning of the forms, what they represented to their carvers, is lost, but the statues evidently had a religious significance. Powerful faith or myth must have inspired the toil necessary to erect such massive figures.

When I visited the park in 1952, excavation was under way on a systematic, scientific basis. The digger's shoulders gleamed with sweat as he worked ten feet below the level of an old pasture. He alternately used an exploratory bamboo pole and a common shovel. A new device introduced by Dr. Duque Gómez, a hollow

cylinder ending in a curved metal blade, permits sampling of the earth layers, and changes from the normal soil reveal grave locations. The probing technique means that the land does not have to be turned upside down where no relics are indicated, and, once located, a grave can easily be marked for future study. In the park, and far and wide around it, there is still plenty of territory to be explored for additional marvels. One hillock is completely covered with graves.

While I watched, the digger brought up disintegrated bits of pottery, a number of stone implements clearly designed for grinding meal, and a single human tooth. Whatever else there had been—skeleton, clothing, adornments—had been consumed by the centuries.

"Everything's gone but the very stone," remarked my companion, Eduardo Unda, director of the Archeological Zone of the Upper Magdalena, who took careful measurements of everything dug up. He had served for seven years, making his headquarters in the park. While I was there, he was preparing a guide to the principal statues. He worked every night, writing away by the light of five candles and consuming an endless stream of thick, black coffee. "Even the work of a lifetime here in the park doesn't mean much," he commented. "There is so much to be done." He planned to begin new investigations after finishing the guide, to branch out into neighboring lands beyond the mountains, in the departments of Nariño and Cauca, to the south and west, and the Amazonian districts of Putumayo and Caquetá.

One singular and most interesting aspect of the park



Digger brings up centuries-old bowl for grinding meal from grave in San Agustín park

is the reconstruction of broken and buried sculpture groups in their original settings. Since the statues are scattered over a wide area, this makes a visit to the park rather arduous. To see the best example of how those ancient stonemasons represented the braided hair of a woman of quality, for example, you must travel half a day over rustic paths, fording the waist-deep Magdalena en route. The totemic warrior of Tamblones requires another excursion, and to view the unique stones carved for ritual bathing at Lavapatas you must clamber



Thatched-roof shelter has been built over ancient Lavapatas bathing shrine to protect it from further weather damage

Within, man-made waterfalls still flow over mysterious ceremonial bathing rocks



Guide squats on roof stone of old dolmen temple to show size of carvings

Contemporary San Agustinian shown with artistic symbol of unknown predecessors



down the gully just as the ancient bathers did. But the relics are seen at their best in their natural setting. Many used to be transported, with great difficulty, to Bogotá, for exhibition in the National Museum, but they were so much less impressive in those institutional surroundings that this is no longer done.

Another practice that has been discontinued is the imitation of relics. Unfortunately, this was not stopped until after an administration ill-advised in matters of art set up a series of monstrous, fake Agustinian monoliths along the highway to the Techo airport in the capital. The effect they produce is as distressing as if a set of props from a traveling company of *Aida* had been strewn along some approach to Cairo. Getting rid of the imitations would be a long step toward wider appreciation of the artistic wealth of the park itself.

Colombia is expanding recovery and restoration operations in the park, and brought German archeologist Hans Nartigall of the University of Mainz to supervise new activities. At the time of my visit, there were only seven government employees at work there. Along with Mr. Unda, there was an inspector of monuments earning five pesos (two dollars) a day, an eighteen-year-old watchman who expected to be called up for military service, and a few seasoned diggers, colloquially known as *huaqueros* (*a huaco* being anything found in a grave), who earned 2.75 pesos a day.

The current drive to learn more about the park and its treasures was explained to me by Dr. Francisco A. Vélez Arango, director of the Institute of Ethnological Research. "There are two reasons why it is essential to find out more about this culture," he said. "First, the dramatic quality of this primitive art makes it very important esthetically. Then, too, significant elements are found in the Agustinian statues that are also seen in Central American cultures and more especially in the ancient cultures of the Peruvian and Bolivian Andes. It is important to trace those relationships. We have to identify the Agustinian culture archeologically, since the people that produced it have disappeared and the reason for the interruption of their cultural development is a major mystery. Their style shows no sign of decadence, so their downfall seems to have come suddenly due to external causes."

Dr. Vélez Arango, who did his graduate work in archeology at the University of Chicago, does not subscribe to the belief held by some that the Agustinian culture lasted for about a thousand years, half before and half after the dawn of the Christian era. He thinks that, compared to the sister cultures of Chavín de Huántar and Tiahuanaco, it was relatively short-lived. Both those civilizations, highly superior to the later, military culture of the Inca dynasty, also died suddenly in a way no one could or would record. In the Agustinian culture, the picture is further complicated because there seem to be two breaking-off points, one after an early, representational period, the other after the later, stylized period.

From my own brief visit to the park, I will never forget the stone figures—eloquent idols alive within the narrow confines of their own temples. My exploration of



Setting of relics in San Agustín village square is example of misplacement of ancient artistic treasures

the area had to be done on horseback, for the land is a succession of hills and gullies.

For all of one long and beautiful day I moved about the far reaches of the park with the boy watchman and a sixty-five-year-old digger, both of whom claimed special knowledge of the land and its wealth of art. The rest of the time I stayed closer to home base. I admired the beauty of line of chiseled idols in crude temples, bold warriors set on hilltops, totemic groups dominating a lonely rock. I felt the odd sensation of being in another century, and a doubt crossed my mind as to whether I was offending the true owners of the land by my trespass. I lingered longest at Lavapatas, that strange bathing place of priests or kings, with its dozens of figures in relief, its canals and miniature carved catacombs. I wondered, as have others, whether a basin carved in the rock had been made to wash some venerated being or to clear away the mess of sacrifice. And I felt the cleansing power of water falling in brilliance, washing the dim light till it glowed like candles or emeralds. Lavapatas is down deep in a green hollow, with tall greenery on either steep approach. On the way up, my horse jumped and shied away from a great stone toad, set to watch the bathing shrine and still on guard.

I wanted to stay, to bend my own efforts to unveil the secrets. The park has more than stones, caryatids, and totems. It has a presence. There is something there of a life that was, of something that has been lost but has not altogether gone away. I wanted to call out after it, but I did not know the words. * * *

END OF THE LINE

short story by José de la Colina

illustrated by Dagmar Wilson

WHEN THEY TOLD Nicolás he had a brain tumor, he didn't believe it. In his head! If it had been any other part of his body. . . . But in his head! He didn't feel anything. True, sometimes horrible pains shot through his temples and then went away, but that was just a matter of age. It was a long way from there to a brain tumor. The foolishness of these modern young doctors, who get such pleasure out of complicating what the oldsters have made so clear and simple!

He said nothing to anyone and kept on at his job as streetcar conductor. He had been working for the company a long time and didn't want to be retired. There could be no greater humiliation, especially after the blow to his pride when he had been demoted from motorman to conductor, from the controls to the insignificant fare box.

Occasionally, he had an irresistible urge to go up front and ask the motorman to let him take over for a while, even if only for three blocks. But what if the shooting



pains and faintness made him have an accident? Hastily he would ask God's forgiveness for having such a wish. "Free me, Lord," he prayed silently, "from these stupid, vain thoughts. Teach me, Lord, to be humble, not to want to run the trolley car, to be a simple conductor, contented with his lot."

There were days when he fainted on the job. People thought he was asleep, and some went by without paying. Others even tried to steal the money from the box, but, fortunately, some passenger always noticed.

Old Nicolás loved his work, even though it was not as good as being motorman. When the car floor vibrated beneath his feet, he was happy and envied no one in the whole world. Because of this, he had asked never to be transferred to another car. He was so fond of Number 37, which was almost as old as he.

Tumors on the brain! Bah! A half-cracked pipsqueak of a doctor, who looked more in need of medical attention than all his patients, had told him this.

Old Nicolás didn't go back to the clinic, as the doctor had advised. He didn't want to listen to any more nonsense from books written by people who had nothing else to do but scare others with their stories of tumors. Ha!

But then one morning it happened that, when Nicolás got up, his feet had barely touched the floor when he felt the stabbing pains. First the room shrank, then grew larger, devilishly fast. Then came the dizziness. The old fellow tried to get back in bed, but it was too late. Everything blurred, and he collapsed on the floor.

He came to in a government hospital bed. It was in a long hall-like room with two rows of ten beds each, all occupied by people coughing, complaining, or chatting quietly. To his right was a boy bandaged to the tip of his nose, and to the left a man who appeared to be Jewish and who never stopped whining.

Nicolás wondered what the devil he was doing in that place, as if he were really about to throw in the sponge. His place was at the fare box of a streetcar—Number 37—listening to the sound of the motor, the wheels on the tracks, and the coins dropping through the slot.

"That stupid, oafish doctor has gotten his way," he said to himself.

A nurse appeared—a young, slender woman, with a lower lip like a rabbit's. She looked tired and dragged her feet.

"I haven't slept all night," she said to the complaining Jew. "There was no one to relieve me, and I had to carry on alone. Can't you stop grumbling for just one minute?"

"Could I have complained without realizing it?" wondered Nicolás. Aloud, he asked the girl, "What will they do with me, miss?"

"You? They're going to operate."

"Who decided that? I don't want them to operate. I'm fine."

"Yes, sure. Lots of people say that. They're fine. But then they leave empty beds behind."

"But I know I'm all right. Call the ward doctor."

"He's busy. He can't come now. Wait until it's time to eat."

At mealtime he didn't touch a mouthful. Hospital food! The very idea was repulsive. Hospital food was for sick people.

At four that afternoon the doctor came. It wasn't the one from the clinic. This fellow was a little older and—obviously—wiser. He inspired confidence.

"Aren't you ashamed to be acting like a child?" was the first thing the man said. "What's this about not wanting an operation?"

Had Nicolás been a ten-year-old boy, he would have blushed.

"Is it really true that I need an operation, Doctor?" he asked.

"Certainly it is, old man! Or do you think we're just interested in spending government money?"

"No . . . I just thought it wasn't very serious."

"It's not serious," said the doctor, clucking his tongue, "but it must be cured. Understand?"

Nicolás looked at him intently. "And I'll be able to go on working afterward?"

"Tsk, tsk. We'll see, we'll see."

Thinking it over, Nicolás finally came to accept the idea of the operation because he trusted that doctor. He would come every so often and chat a while, sitting on the edge of the bed. When friends visited the old man, the doctor talked with them about politics and other things and offered them U.S. cigarettes.

One of the friends had brought a picture of Nicolás' wife. The doctor looked at it. "Your wife?"

"Yes, Doctor. She died some time ago. May I have one of those U.S. cigarettes of yours?"



The doctor gave him the cigarette, and Nicolás smoked it down so short that it almost burned his lips.

"You enjoyed smoking that one so much," commented the doctor. "Do you want another?"

"That would be an imposition, Doctor."

"Nonsense, man. It's between friends, isn't it?"

Nicolás saved the cigarette to smoke after the operation.

The nights were hardest to bear. Death hovered near the beds at night, and the people coughed and complained. A nurse went from place to place, her white uniform conspicuous in the darkness. Nicolás' head ached so terribly that he couldn't sleep. But it was even worse when it didn't, because then he grew bored and had unhappy thoughts. Once he had an urge to smoke and reached for the cigarette, but he checked himself. He had the idea that if he smoked the cigarette before the operation, it wouldn't turn out well.

At night the Jew complained constantly. Nicolás wanted them to take him away. And one day he woke up and noticed that the Jew wasn't there. A nurse came to strip the bed.

"What happened to the man who was there?" asked Nicolás.

"They operated on him," replied the woman, "but he died."

Old Nicolás felt like a murderer.

Next day the doctor came to his bed. "Tomorrow we operate on you," he said.

"All right, Doctor," answered Nicolás smiling. "I'm in your hands."

But at nightfall the pains came, and his fever rose. He saw the intern look at the thermometer with alarm. He asked for water, but they only wiped his lips with damp cotton.

Nicolás sensed that he was failing rapidly and thought of the trolley. *Chuffity-rak! The trolley car! Only he could run it. Only he knew how it worked. He alone!*

Near dawn he got up. Everything was very dark. He felt weak, but *he had to run the trolley. He alone.* He groped for his clothes and put them on, forgetting his shoes. He sneaked through the shadowy halls and out into the street. The ground scratched his feet.

It was very cold, and the streets were deserted. What time was it? *Almost daybreak, I suppose.* He staggered. *People will think I'm drunk.*

He came to the terminal and slipped in, trying to keep the inspector from seeing him. There was his car—"Valle" Number 37. He got on and started it.

"Is that you, Agustín?" asked the inspector in the darkness. Nicolás answered with a grunt, so as not to give himself away, and pulled out quickly.

The trolley car shuddered, and he liked the feeling in his flesh. The street lights had been turned off, and the houses looked gray. In the distance there was a milky brightness, and the tracks gleamed like silver. And—*Chuffity-rak, chuffity-rak!*—it was wonderful to feel the control lever in his hand. *Chuffity-rak!* The streetcar was his; he was running it, and no one could dispute his right to that.

A man, dimly visible in the fine mist, flagged the car, but Nicolás left him behind. Further on, the same thing happened to some workers, and then to a little old woman.

Day was breaking. Some stores had already raised their metal blinds. The breadmen and milkmen were in the streets. The newspapers were on the stands.

Chuffity-rak, chuffity-rak! The trolley car sped along the asphalt streets, without picking up anyone.

Nicolás felt lighthearted and young again. In his jacket pocket he carried the cigarette the doctor had given him. He would smoke it after his trip.

Chuffity-rak! Look at the street. Watch it passing the sides of the trolley car. See it through the windshield, through the windows, in the mirror. Chuffity-rak! Look at it closely. See the people, dogs, bicycles, policemen. Chuffity-rak! Look at them carefully. Look at them all you want. Look at them all your life. Chuffity-rak! Your whole life, understand? Keep going. No one can stop you. Chuffity-rak, chuffity-rak! No one, no one. Run the trolley car through the whole city, to the end of the line. Do you hear—chuffity-rak, chuffity-rak—do you? To the end of the line. Leave the city. Go into the country. Climb the mountains. Cross the rivers. Cross the swamps, the forests, the gorges. Cross them. Chuffity-rak, cross them, Nicolás, chuffity-rak! Keep on and on. Let days and nights go by. Keep going. Go beyond the world in your trolley car. You and your trolley car. Keep on and on. You're running it. You aren't the conductor, do you hear? You're the motorman. You're in charge. Keep on and on. It's your trolley car. It obeys your hands. It trembles. On and on, see how it shakes! Listen to it laugh. Or sing. It sings! It's singing! Chuffity-rak! Chuffity... Chuffi... Chuffi... Chuffi... Don't stop. Keep going....

Nicolás stopped on the outskirts of the city. There was grass all around him. He stepped from the streetcar, breathed deeply, sat down, and took out the cigarette.

He smoked it down to a stub, but when it burned his lips he couldn't feel it.

Another streetcar pulled up behind his and began to clang its bell. . . . • • •



*a word
with*

GLORIA QUIROGA

"YOU NEVER know when something might happen that will change your entire future," Gloria Quiroga of Paraguay told us. "I had no idea what it would mean to me when the U.S. Embassy assigned me to act as secretary and guide for Jack Danciger in Asunción. And now, thanks to him, here I am in the United States studying journalism on a scholarship—something I've always longed to do."

Gloria's benefactor, the almost legendary Texas oil millionaire and cattle rancher who attracted nationwide attention a few weeks ago by paying a hundred thousand dollars for a third interest in a Black Angus bull, had just presented one of his prize calves to the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences in honor of Pan American Day. So when Gloria came to town, we called on her for more information about the seventy-four-year-old philanthropist who uses bulls and scholarships to promote international friendships and to whom Pan Americanism is virtually a religion.

"Jack Danciger was just another U.S. tourist to the people in Asunción," Gloria went on, "until he opened his purse and started making generous contributions to Paraguayan charities. He's a big, friendly, unassuming man, and he made a hit with us because he continued to keep in touch after he returned to Texas, sending us postcards and never failing to answer a letter. 'Remember, Gloria,' he said to me once, 'that one of the most important things in life is to have friends. You're too young to understand that now, but some day you'll know what I mean.'"

We asked what kindled Mr. Danciger's interest in Latin America in the first place.

"Well, he's a New Mexican by birth," Gloria explained. "In fact, he learned Spanish before English. For years he campaigned against racial discrimination in a weekly newspaper he published in Kansas City, Missouri. And he doesn't mince words in scolding his fellow Texans." She showed us a magazine article signed by him. ". . . If education against discrimination is not aided by suitable legislation, with severe sanctions against acts of flagrant discrimination," it said in one passage we noticed, "we will have to wait until doomsday to accomplish anything worth while."

Gloria went on: "But now he has embarked on what he considers his biggest and best project so far. About four years ago he sold his oil holdings and launched his program of Latin American scholarships. He claims that



Gloria Quiroga of Paraguay examines scrapbook with Jack Danciger, who provided her scholarship fund to study journalism in U.S.A. the chief weakness of all other scholarship programs is that they send the fellows back home with empty pockets. So when he brings young Latin Americans up for training on his string of Texas cattle ranches, he foots the bill so they can start their own experimental farms at home and sends them back with registered bulls, heifers, purebred sheep, and horses.

"You should see how those boys live up here! Mr. Jack has set them up in true Texas fashion, in streamlined dormitories with television, radios, washing machines, kitchen ranges—everything to make life easy. But just to keep them from getting soft, he makes them do their own cooking and housekeeping. The ranches are like experimental farms, where the boys learn scientific farming, using the latest mechanized equipment. And since Mr. Jack has one of the biggest herds of registered Aberdeen-Angus in Texas, they learn everything there is to know about cattle ranching. Boys from Chile, Peru, Uruguay, and the Philippines are now being trained. A Mexican who finished his course is running his own ranch in Lower California."

We asked Gloria where she came in on all this.

"I'm the first woman under Mr. Jack's plan," she explained. "But I didn't really come up from Paraguay on it—I was brought up last September on the teacher exchange program by the U.S. Office of Education under the terms of the Smith-Mundt bill. But Mr. Jack extended my scholarship so that I could study journalism at Texas Christian University in Fort Worth."

"But that's not all he's done," she added. "He donated funds to repair the house of General O'Higgins at Chillán Viejo in Chile and had two iron lungs shipped down to Santiago from the United States by air. He has also given libraries to various groups, and once he contributed fifty thousand pesos to the Chileans to buy books printed in Mexico so they could learn more about the Mexicans."

"What will you do with your training back in Asunción?" we asked her. "Start my own paper," she said, "and try to help my people understand Americans." —K. W.



Charcoal is made from the lofty robles, eerie-looking lichen-covered oaks that grow in the region

HIGH IN THE TALAMANCA CORDILLERA of Costa Rica, near the city of Cartago, about a hundred men and their families are engaged in a trade all but lost to the modern world: transforming hardwood into charcoal. They work in a fairy-tale setting amid towering *robles*—a species of oak—grotesquely hung with hanks of gray-green moss and a parasite known as *chira* that resembles a feather duster. During the rainy season (June to January) when the *neblina*, or fog-cloud, moves in, the sun is blotted out for days on end, appearing only once in a while as a dull silver disc in the sky. Wandering cows, lonely horsemen, and the shivering *carboneros*—as charcoal-burners are called in Spanish—are swallowed up at a distance of a few yards, turned into ghosts in a matter of seconds. Without the sun, the air is always cold with a bone-freezing dampness; all year, in the morning and

charcoal BURNERS OF COSTA RICA

article and photos by Ray Witlin

The Tensios, a typical family of carboneros, prepare a pit. Youngest tends fire that will ignite hardwood logs





Sons serve their apprenticeship at a tender age. Workers are constantly bedeviled by blinding dust clouds

at night, the eight-to-ten-thousand-foot altitude assures a penetrating chill. The Pan American Highway running along the ridge is this enchanted region's only link with the outside world.

Like the poor charcoal-burners in old fairy tales, the carboneros live in little shacks in the forest and work from dawn to dusk. They are mostly newcomers to the area, drawn there by the recent construction of the road, which for the first time gave them easy access to the materials of their trade. Of a proud and independent nature, their family teams earn more than the average Costa Rican farm laborer. Although charcoal-burning is often an occupation passed on from father to son, many workers today are former farmhands who were discouraged with their bad pay. In Costa Rica, the carbonero can sell all the charcoal he makes, for the annual dry

season impairs the country's hydroelectric power facilities. In the cities, charcoal, which is cheaper than kerosene and more efficient than firewood, is a useful auxiliary.

Despite his romantic surroundings, the carbonero leads a hard life. The boys of the family go to work as soon as they are strong enough to swing an axe or handle a spade. The very young or the weak do lighter work such as sorting charcoal and filling sacks or carrying the hot noon meal from the home to the worker's pits.

A typical charcoal-burning day begins after breakfast when the carbonero and his helpers shoulder their sacks and tools and start for their place of business, half an hour's walk away on bare feet over wet grass and the rough gravel of the highway (their soles are so tough and calloused that they can even trample the hot charcoal). If it is very cold and raining, they use the sacks as capes, for throughout the year they wear only simple cotton clothes. Working conditions at the pits are extremely demanding. The men must haul heavy logs and

Faces of Herminio Tensio, Sr., and his son Claudio recall the chimney sweeps of Dickensian London





Top: As charcoal cools, it is loaded from pit into straw basket for sorting. Bottom: At home, Herminio's wife makes a grass broom with a machete

chop the stone-hard wood, and a mean wind blows black dust into their faces, stinging and blinding them. Red eyes and a chronic cough, in fact, are a mark of the trade, and dirt is a normal part of life. For all the soap and water in the world, the carbonero cannot keep himself clean, and his womenfolk learn to take this for granted.

The actual process of converting hardwood to charcoal, though ancient and primitive, nevertheless requires its share of science. The pit must be dug only so deep; its base must slant upward in a certain direction; the logs to be burned must be of a certain size and placed according to prescribed pattern. Finally the pit must be covered with the right amount of grass topped by well-packed earth, and two openings for ventilation made in proper relationship to the prevailing winds. Should any of these

elements be ignored, the whole process may fail. Proper precautions sometimes take several days. The result looks like a freshly filled grave.

As it burns, the mound sinks. The carbonero stamps on it until it is level. Then he opens the pit, removes the earth, and exposes the still-smoldering charcoal to the air. When cooled and sorted, it is packed into sacks. These are carried to the highway and collected by the trucks of city wholesalers, who pay the carboneros about sixty cents a sack.

The workday comes to an end in the late afternoon when the carboneros, after inspecting the smoldering pits, wend their way home. There they vainly attempt to wash off the dirt in the *ojo de agua* (literally "eye of water"), or spring, always found close to their little shacks. Perhaps the men will also shave, a ritual usually performed once a week. After dinner, the children may play outside with each other or with the dogs, chickens, and pigs. Maybe father or one of the boys will monotonously strum

In doorway of shack built by her father, Ella Rosa Tensio waits with baby María de los Angeles to greet him on his return from work





Charcoal burners' children under twelve years of age attend crude school daily after lunch

the guitar until bedtime. If the family stays awake after dark the carbonero may light a kerosene lamp, his night-light, which is burned all over the Costa Rican countryside. Unlike the familiar U.S. kerosene lamp, his is fashioned from a discarded beer or milk can; the ignited wick, inserted through a hole in the top, produces a dull, flickering light. But few carboneros stay up, for theirs has been a weary day. The carbonero, his wife, and the youngest children, sleep in the only bed; the others usually curl up on the bench or on woven straw mats spread on the floor and cover themselves with the ever-handy charcoal sacks.

While the men are away working at the pits each day, the womenfolk stay home in the little houses their husbands have built by hand. The carboneros do not live

in settlements, but each family in its own house, strung out sometimes miles apart along the highway. Loneliness becomes a habit, and there is only infrequent exchange of ideas and feelings. After lunch, the children up to twelve years of age walk to the school, another crude building, where they learn to read and write. Some carboneros prefer to keep their sons at work, however, by faking illnesses for them or falsifying their ages. But whether they go to school or not, most of the children ultimately find charcoal-burning the only occupation they are suited for. In contrast are a minority of parents who foresee the eventual end of charcoal-burning as a business and keep their children in school hoping that education may somehow lead to a brighter future.

One reason their trade may well be on the way out in Costa Rica is visible in the hundreds of felled and rotting *robles*, the huge stumps dotting the landscape of the Talamanca Cordillera. Without regard to soil conserva-

The children play with makeshift toys or frolic with dogs, chickens, and pigs around their homes





Above: While his mother feeds the baby, Claudio Tensio strums on guitar until bedtime. Below: On Pan American Highway near Cartago, truck receives sacks of charcoal that will bring sixty cents apiece in city



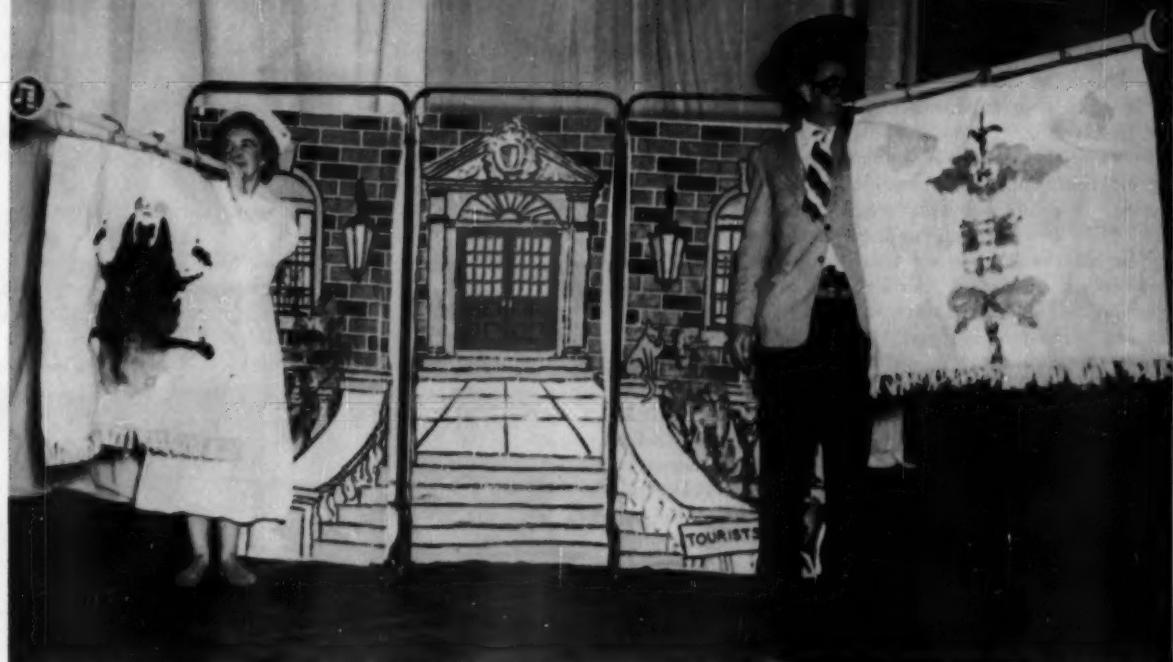
tion, reforestation, or simple appearance, the nearby farmers, bent on using the rich land as pasture for their dairy cattle, have deliberately leveled the forests and encouraged the carboneros to cut and burn what and wherever they wish. Soil erosion has already set in. Where the slopes are steep, the land has already begun to slide, sometimes onto the highway. Fortunately, a few farmers are aware of the situation and have devised a solution to the problem: they assign the carboneros only certain trees for conversion to charcoal. This disperses the pits and leaves trees standing to hold the soil and shade the cattle. Also, the comings and goings of the carboneros scatter carbon and wood shavings, both of which add substance to the earth, causing grass to grow. Some farmers, too, are planting new trees, entirely on their own. The Costa Rican Ministry of Agriculture, backed by public opinion, is working steadily to improve conditions throughout the region. • • •

Answers to Quiz on page 47

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Argentina, horses | 6. Cuba, sugar |
| 2. Bolivia, tin ore | 7. Ecuador, balsa wood |
| 3. Brazil, rice | 8. Mexico, silver |
| 4. Chile, iodine | 9. Paraguay, yerba mate |
| 5. Colombia, emeralds | 10. United States, copper |
-

Careless felling of trees, as in this clearing with its carbonero shack, has created serious soil-conservation problem





Opening fanfare of musical Hotel St. Elizabeth, showing patient-actors as nurse and psychiatrist. Banners represent Rorschach ink-blot test

"HOTEL SAINT ELIZABETH"

a unique experiment in therapy

Marian Chace

THE THEATER AUDIENCE of a thousand people was completely absorbed in the three-hour musical, breaking now and again into laughter or applause or both. Sometimes the production evoked a mixed reaction, so that the eyes of an amused onlooker might be wet with tears. For the intent of the unique production he was watching, though concealed by lighthearted fantasy, was deadly serious. The theater was in Saint Elizabeths, the federal mental hospital in Washington, D.C., and the performers were patients. They were repeating for the press and public a show they had written and produced for other patients and the staff.

Entitled *Hotel Saint Elizabeth*, the revue was a satire on life at the hospital, "Washington's finest resort." Each act consisted of two scenes, one depicting a hospital activity, the other showing the patient's "wishful thinking" version. Miss Schizophrenia, a withdrawn, newly admitted patient—in the escape episodes she became Miss Dreamer—was introduced in the prologue, while a lusty chorus sang the "Schizophrenic Song" to the tune of "You're Just in Love":

I hear voices and there's no one there,
I see visions floating in the air,
I have nightmares in the daylight glare,
I wonder why, I wonder why.
Schizophrenia is new to me,
I'm a double personality,
Doctors say one's enough for me,
I wonder why, I wonder why.

CHORUS: Take that chip off your shoulder,
Aches and pains to Doctor Bowler,
Dr. Twombly will help you too.
Long as you can laugh and sing,
You can lick most anything.
Keep your chin up, you'll pull through!

As the dance therapist at Saint Elizabeths, I was responsible for helping to produce the show, but simply as the tail to the kite, so to speak, for the entire production was the patients' idea and carried out wholly on their own initiative. It was quite a departure in therapeutic methods. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

For the most part the patients at Saint Elizabeths

Hospital are emotionally ill, many of them schizophrenics. Unlike the mentally retarded, who may need care throughout their lives, these people have a good chance of being able to return to a normal existence after a period of rehabilitation. Contrary to the popular belief that mental patients are unaware of their illness, many schizophrenics not only are alert to their maladjustments but seek help in coping with them.

In the dance department all activities are organized on the basis of group decisions. Patients are accustomed to presenting ideas for individual dance sessions, parties, special performances, decoration of the dance room, and so on; if accepted by the group, they are then carried out. Still, I was totally unprepared for what happened a few months ago when I returned to the hospital after a two-week absence. I was told that a group of women patients, all of whom were in an acute phase of their illness, wanted to see me. Their spokesman said: "We want to do a show about a group of women living together and the funny and painful things that happen to them. Since we're living together in a mental hospital, we want it to be about us in the hospital. We can dream, too, and we do. Our dreams include men, of course, so may we invite them to be in our show?" Then they showed me the "Schizophrenic Song," written by two schizophrenics, one of whom was still hearing her "voices."

The production began to take shape. Since it was essentially a musical, there were plenty of opportunities for suggestions about songs and dances. The group as a whole accepted or rejected possibilities, deciding whether a given song belonged in one act or another, whether it should be a solo or a group number. Naturally, a few storms blew up during rehearsals, and occasionally someone would threaten to leave. Mrs. X, for example, who has a talent for writing yet is never sure that what she writes is as good as she hopes it is, wrote the prologue for the show. As with all the scripts, this was reviewed by the rest of the cast. When certain portions were cut out because they were considered too obscure or too direct, Mrs. X became angry and withdrew the script, claiming that she could sell it outside the hospital. She was assured that it would continue to be her own as part of the show; it could even be copyrighted if she chose. She was adamant. "But we need your script," someone said. "How can we start the show without it?" another joined in. With that, she gave in. As the rehearsals progressed, she never missed one, despite her frequent complaints that she was being exploited. She would make out-of-town visitors wait, explaining that she was needed for *Hotel Saint Elizabeth*.

Later Mrs. X offered to dance a tango in one scene. She purposely chose as her partner a young man who was miserably shy and consequently very awkward. She worked hard with him, and her patience and pride in his growing ease were in marked contrast to her overbearing and highly critical behavior toward other people in most situations. In both these instances Mrs. X felt a sense of belonging, and, although she still finds most relationships difficult, she at least gained a temporary satisfaction.

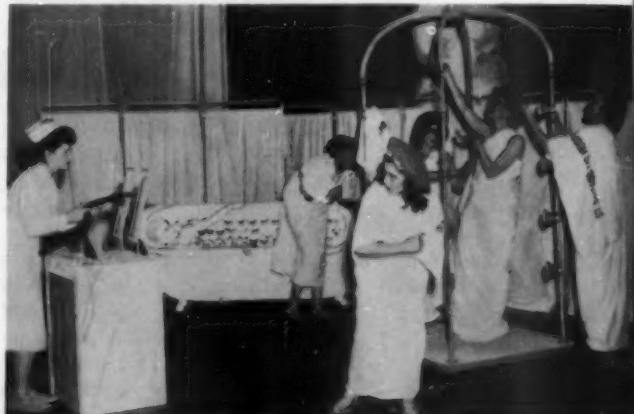
Perhaps she can continue to teach social dancing as a career, as she hopes to do, for here she has learned to feel at ease.

The show had five acts. In the prologue, Miss Schizophrenia, alone and weary, enters "Saint Lizzie's" Hotel, which offers all kinds of services, will even "cheerfully come and get you." A barker introduces her to the people there—the nurses and attendants, ever ready to tell her what to do; a psychiatrist in blenders, who continually jerks a yo-yo up and down; and the fellow patients, who are lonely too. Miss Schizophrenia finds escape in her dreams.

In the hospital dormitory, so difficult for adults because of the lack of privacy, she dreams of a luxurious boudoir, where she is waited on by a retinue of servants; then her hero dances in and sings her a tender song. The noisy cafeteria, filled with gossipy women, becomes, in the dream-world portrayal, a fancy night club, with an M.C. who defines a psychiatrist as a "nutcracker." In the



Miss Dreamer enters "hotel." Decorated hospital screen, planned by patients, represents admitting suite and confusion of "guest"



Each scene was portrayed as reality and as dream sequence. Girls in hydrotherapy lolled on Waikiki Beach in idealistic version



Miss Dreamer visualizes attention and service of fine hotel, instead of actual dormitory accommodations



Instigated by women patients, production included several men. Here the psychiatrist enjoys "dreamy" Waikiki

hydrotherapy scene the patients donned shower caps and draped themselves in the sheets used for this form of treatment. Then they danced and sang, to the tune of "The Whiffenpoof Song":

To the cold packs down at Hydro,
To the place where our nurse dwells,
To the dear old strip routine we do so well.
Sing we fat and thin assembled,
With our panties raised on high,
And the magic of her sprinkling casts a spell.
Yes, the magic of her sprinkling
For the aches we love so well,
In the sac-ro-il-liac
And in the joints,
We will serenade our nurse
Though aches and pains all last,
Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the best.
We are poor little girls with our minds awry,
Woe, woe, woe.
We are sorry sights but still we try,
Woe, woe, woe.
Pains that are real and pains that we dream,
Pains that we cling to through all the schemes,
Nursie have mercy on such as we,
Woe, woe, woe!

But when Miss Dreamer sleeps, she is on the beach at Waikiki.

At last she graduates from the hospital, picking up her bag and taking leave of her friends at Hotel Saint

Elizabeth, who sing their farewell song, "Vaya con Dios," as she goes out to meet life again.

During rehearsals I commented that the last act did not contain the fantasy of the rest of the play. There was silence for a moment, then someone burst out, "Why, Miss Chace, that's the greatest fantasy of all—to say that we will all leave." That explained the moving quality of the last song, which never failed to touch listeners.

Hotel Saint Elizabeth gave the troupers an opportunity to portray their own delusions, their wishful thinking about life, and their anger at themselves for being dependent on the hospital staff. In discussing a scene and the reason why it must be so, they gradually developed an ability not only to work on their own individual problems of adjustment, but to help each other. This eventually led them to refer to themselves as "The Gang," an experience many had missed before they arrived at the hospital.

A number of patients who generally stayed on the fringes of such activities were absorbed into this group. They might remain aloof, rarely speaking to the others; but they made a contribution and developed friendships while doing it. Miss M had come regularly to rehearsals for two or three weeks, urged to watch members of the cast from her ward. But she would sit apart, often seeming lost in her own preoccupations. From time to time the group complained that they needed someone to take down what was said during committee meetings and the spontaneous working out of scenes. One day she whispered, "You know, I could take those notes—I could keep a list, too, of the costumes and props you'll need."

Here was our script girl. From then on she wrote everything down and between rehearsals organized the dozens of lists of things we required. Later, as she sat there with her black book containing the script of the play, one and then another of the cast would consult her. "Mary, what is that line?" Mary always knew. Next she dared to volunteer suggestions when some scene was stumbling a bit. Before the end of rehearsals, when a member of the cast had to be absent at a clinic or for treatment, Miss M would offer to substitute. On performance nights, she was everywhere at once, helping with a costume or handing someone a prop. She was amazingly efficient with these people, whom she had learned to accept as friends.

Miss M is still finding it difficult to work at a job on her own initiative. When she is offered a task elsewhere in the hospital, she retreats again into her illness. But she cultivates the friendships she made during the days of *Hotel Saint Elizabeth*, when she, too, found that she could belong.

Of course, the whole cast lacked confidence. Some showed it by withdrawing; others were aggressively inconsiderate. A real stickler was one of the male leads, Mr. N, a boy of eighteen who had always been a problem. Though in many ways he had made considerable progress at Saint Elizabeths, he still did not function satisfactorily with groups. He had always entered enthusiastically into performances, playing the drums for the hospital band, taking part in choral singing, and in general playing the

ringleader. But always as performance time approached, Mr. N insisted on taking over the show. His drums would drown out the rest of the orchestra, and his demand to be the center of attention would become so annoying that the pleasure of the other participants was destroyed. In the rehearsals for *Hotel Saint Elizabeth*, Mr. N reverted to type. Not content to sing one song in a scene, he and his guitar had to do all the songs. When the others in the group balked, he either played his guitar and sang his own songs louder than those being rehearsed or left in a huff, refusing to be in the show. In previous situations like this, he had simply been removed from the group. But this time, with authority vested in the cast rather than in a single individual, he modified his demands over a period of time until he came to accept their decisions; they, in turn, accepted his leadership in many scenes. Mr. N was a proud young man as he sang and danced the romantic lead on opening night, with the support of the cast and the applause of his often indifferent family. Although he had jeopardized production throughout rehearsals, the antagonism of the group had been replaced, long before they were over, by loyalty to him.

As scenes with dialogue developed, we called on a Red Cross Gray Lady who had had experience with dramatic groups. Then dialogue and dance rehearsals were separated, with constant consultation back and forth between the adjoining rooms. New ideas sprouted thick and fast; it was no longer a question of finding enough material, but of keeping it within bounds. The men wanted to include tumbling in the beach scene, so we sought out the athletic coach. New songs were suggested at every rehearsal, some parodies, some original, and we enlisted the aid of a volunteer chorus leader. The graduation scene called for military drilling. (This was logical since many patients associate conformity to society with the requirements of military discipline; they fear authority just as the cadet fears the drill sergeant, and they resent the attendant who escorts them over the grounds or to a movie or dance.) The young man who offered his services as drill sergeant revealed strong leadership ability, and his bearing improved noticeably.

The glamour of these dramatic presentations has a special appeal for the patients of a mental hospital. Apart from the acting, there is plenty of backstage work, such as making costumes, collecting properties, and painting scenery. The troupers' energy and enthusiasm infected everyone who came into contact with the show. For weeks before the performance, wherever one went in the women's wards, costumes were being made or altered. An elderly patient had asked to take over the direction of this work from the Occupational Therapy Department. Tulle skirts invaded even the nurses' stations for safe-keeping between sewing bees. In one ward old ladies strung tissue-paper Hawaiian leis, chatting happily as they worked. Somewhere else a ping-pong table had become a cutting table. In a corner a patient hemmed a scarf. Some, too restless for the fine work, tied the raffia for Hawaiian skirts; others rolled bright-colored papers into cigarette holders. The whole building became an

occupational therapy shop under the guidance of Mrs. Margaret Downes, the therapist.

To indicate the shift from the reality of the hospital scenes to the fantasy of the dream sequences, the troupers wanted a picture-frame prop. So the art therapist, Mr. Prentiss Taylor, with the help of the pre-industrial shop and the patient-assistants, fashioned a cloud that when lighted seemed to float airily. Designs painted on hospital screens also depicted the satire visually.

Eventually, all the hospital departments were involved. The nursing service furnished uniforms; the orchestra was ready with music; the sound and lighting men moved in; even the firemen found ways to fireproof the home-made equipment. After three months, the show was ready to go on.

One of the phrases heard most frequently in a mental hospital is "patient-centered activity," but as a rule it might better be labeled "staff-centered." Hospital recreation staffs are inclined to take it for granted that mental patients prefer to participate in staff-planned activities because they need backing to carry out their own ideas. Therefore, generally the inspiration for a production, the time for its presentation, and the form it will take are staff decisions. Patients eager to participate are easy to find. But because they are carrying out someone else's idea, the task of holding their interest becomes a major obstacle to production. The director may well question whether the patients are really interested or whether they are simply demonstrating personal loyalty. This is bound to show up as the time for the performance draws near, when the usual stage fright of any theater group is exaggerated manyfold. That is what made *Hotel Saint Elizabeth* particularly interesting to me. Soon losing its casual attitude, the group became almost as self-critical as a professional company. In a large hospital like this there are many activities going on to relieve the tedium, and, as a rule, special projects are not allowed to encroach on the regular schedule. I had thought that occasional rehearsals would be enough; but the patients requested more and more until my entire time was given over to this project. They practiced religiously, even outside rehearsals, and at the end of the first performance, the group insisted: "Now we can make the show even better."

The goal of all psychiatric hospitals is to restore patients as rapidly as possible to a normal life. Since much of the rehabilitation (which begins when they enter the hospital) depends on ward and recreation activities, theatrical events that allow patients to demonstrate initiative, develop self-confidence, and learn to work under discipline toward an obvious goal are extremely useful. If these activities are carried on in close cooperation with the medical staff, the patients get the maximum benefit. But even when, as happens in most mental hospitals, there are not enough psychiatrists to keep track of such programs, this form of recreation is a valuable means of release and of learning group activity. Showing such productions before the general public not only helps the patients; it also improves the outsider's understanding of mental illness. * * *

points | of view



HOLD THAT TROLLEY!

WENCESLAO FERNÁNDEZ FLORES describes "the difficult art of catching a streetcar in Madrid, Montevideo, or any other city." His article appears in *A.N.D.A.*, monthly magazine published in Montevideo by the Asociación Nacional de Afiliados, a mutual benefit society:

"I had gone to visit some friends . . . and at nine P.M. soberly announced that I intended to take . . . a streetcar home. There was a stunned silence. Finally someone said:

"This is sad news. When will we again see this friend who is plunging into such a perilous venture? I propose that we give him a banquet right now."

"Everyone shouted: 'Yes, yes!' But I opposed it . . . and the lady of the house . . . enthusiastically seconded my motion, probably . . . fearing the fate of her pantry. Then they tried to dissuade me, but I insisted. We embraced each other—some eyes were moist—and I sallied forth into the street.

"The safety platform . . . was jammed with people, all looking to the left. Several noses, long exposed to the cold, reflected the show-window lights and gleamed like red danger signals. Near me a woman, who had waited in vain since mid-afternoon, wept dis-

consolately, doubting she would ever see her children again. A husband was showing his wife how to jump on a streetcar, if it happened to go by slowly. A man was saying . . . that the week before . . . he had found an empty taxi, but everyone understood that the story was just to boost morale. . . . Some people had become so friendly that they were telling each other their life stories. Almost everyone, however, stood silently or muttered bad words that the ladies pretended not to hear or, in some instances, repeated in low voices.

"Finally the eagerly awaited car appeared in the distance. Bass, tenor, baritone, contralto, and soprano voices chorused . . .: 'There it comes! There it comes!'

"We squeezed together in a lump toward the edge of the safety zone. The streetcar, full to overflowing, went by like a hurricane. There were eight or ten people on the steps. Little boys were perched on the shoulders of young men, who were holding on to older men, who, in turn, were clinging to the iron platform supports. It looked like a deformity . . . or tumor in the car doors. As the car passed, it swept away the first row. Two gentlemen were maimed, and a lady . . . was thrown so violently that she kept on

running down the street, shouting to her friends that she intended . . . to see if she could coast on down to Rosales.

"The waiting continued. They talked about the war, the influenza epidemic, the London bombings, and other human suffering. Someone recalled . . . that the Barcelona Transit Company had increased the number of cars on certain lines. The group was stupefied, as if they had heard of a miracle.

"Much, much later another trolley car came and stopped to let off a passenger. The rough sea on a stormy day cannot compare with the movement of that crowd. I found myself up in the air, then on the ground, then on one side of the street, then on the other. The people shouted excitedly:

"This is it!"

"Now or never!"

"Let's go!"

"Some ladies, completely squashed, . . . decided to walk home, sadly resigned to the fact that no one there would recognize them by now.

"The loving husband who had been giving instructions to his wife saw to it that she got a toe hold on a step. A strong, chivalrous gentleman on the platform clutched her around the neck. The streetcar started off. We shouted: 'Wait, wait!'

"The husband, still with us, called out: 'Take good care of her for me! Don't drop her!'

"Hunched down in my overcoat, I morosely started the long walk to my house.

"I do not know what happened to the others who were waiting. Maybe they are still there. Maybe they have died."

ETERNAL YOUTH

OLD PHOTOGRAPHS often bring on nostalgia for "the good old days." Somehow, just as the pictures themselves mellow with time, the moments portrayed often seem happier in retrospect. In his regular column in *Manchete*, Rio de Janeiro weekly magazine, Sérgio Pôrto describes just such a picture:

"It was a luncheon meeting. I've forgotten what we were celebrating . . . , but we decided to have a picture taken. A group formed, or rather piled up, in the middle of the room—some seated, others standing, and several still holding cocktail glasses. . . . The 'flash'

that lighted our faces that afternoon ten years ago captured our smiles . . . for posterity.

"Now the picture is beginning to yellow with age. I have it right here. One by one, I look at the faces. . . . We aren't so close any more, meeting only occasionally and speaking hurriedly. No one who sees us . . . would ever suspect that we're old friends, who feel bound to look each other up every once in a while. There's no explaining those sudden impulses. . . . The phone rings, and one of the fellows . . . asks what I'm doing. . . .

"I'm here in a bar and thought I'd give you a call. Come on down and have a drink with me."

"Right away I feel I have to go . . . and postpone whatever I was doing. . . . I know the call from the bar is sincere.

"Those far away . . . send strange postcards: 'Life here is duller than ever. Tell all the fellows hello for me. Special regards to Joe. I dreamed about that lug last night.'

"It was raining that day in 1944. . . . Paulinho, always the clown, wrapped a raincoat around his legs like a skirt and assumed the pose of a modest young maiden. He telephones least often, since he spends most of his time globe-trotting. Sometimes he pops up for dinner, just when I think he's in Ouro Prêto or Cairo.

"This fellow married a rich girl, and this other one a poor girl. Both give the lie to the fiction-writers, because they're extremely happy. But not so with this one here. He married too. We knew it wouldn't work, but who has the right to stop a friend from loving foolishly?

"Only a few did not change their way of life. One, the oldest in the group, still goes the same places, drinks the same drinks, and talks about the same things. He doesn't ever call anyone, but is always ready to go with anyone who calls him. . . .

"The shy fellow is only now beginning to come out of it. At about five o'clock every afternoon he stands and . . . waits for the Ministry of Education employees to go by. He's madly in love, but the girl doesn't know it yet.

"On that rainy afternoon in 1944 there were fifteen of us in all. The two



Drawing of ten-year-old group photo described in Manchete, Rio de Janeiro

who have gone on . . . are in the picture forever. They'll never call from a bar or write from Europe . . . , but they'll live on in memory. . . . And, for the other thirteen, they'll never grow old.

"Time is beginning to paint the picture with yellow, and soon it'll be painting our hair with white and lining our faces. . . . Everything and everybody will change, except those two smiling fellows. . . . They'll always be just twenty-five years old."

UNIVERSAL ENNUI

THE ARGENTINE MONTHLY *Continente* recently carried an article in which the author, Carlos Alberto Guastavino, declares that some may designate our time as the Atomic Age, but he thinks that future generations "will probably call it the Yawn Age."

"For a long time man has been tremendously bored. . . . However, I am not referring to commonplace, sporadic, circumstantial boredom, but . . . to a sort of 'subconscious ennui' . . . that fills our lives without our realizing it.

"Basically, what is boredom? Dull, existential anguish brought on by the absence of meaningful objectives. . . . Let's begin with what Mas de Ayala called 'the lack of great motives.' Today's average man . . . has no lofty goals, not because there are none, but because he neither sees nor believes in them. His last 'great motive' was World War II, which forced him to . . . defend his way of life. Since then, he has not been able to find another. Consequently, he is bored.

"Furthermore, job specialization . . . has lightened vocational duties. Take the professions, for example. The average man can choose from many: medicine, engineering, law, chemistry, and so on. However, he must . . . limit himself not just to a single profession, but, what's worse, to a specific field. . . .

"There is also the widespread misconception that only artists or geniuses

have creative aptitude. Not so. Creative energy is characteristic of men in general . . . and until recently was released in the skilled trades, . . . which have now been replaced by impersonal, monotonous production lines. As a result, the worker—or ex-artisan—is bored.

"In addition, the working day has been cut to six or eight hours, leaving much more free time, which the average citizen . . . does not know how to use. . . .

"Technical skill—through movies, radio, television, newspapers, magazines, books, and so on—has enriched and enlarged man's . . . environment and . . . brought everything new, picturesque, or exotic within daily reach of our senses. Logically, this should enhance our lives. But whoever believes this does not know that our assimilative . . . capacity is limited and that, once the saturation point is reached, every new stimulus only provokes indifference. The cities—typical setting for modern man—sate us with stimuli, thus . . . blinding us to wonders. And without wonders boredom comes easily. . . .



Illustration that accompanied article on boredom in *Continente*, Buenos Aires

"We can safely surmise that our ancestors had little or no foreseeable future. We know that for a long time the average life span was from twenty-five to thirty-five years. . . . And they could always lose their lives at any indeterminate point . . . to either murder or illnesses—most of them fatal for lack of known treatment. Every day they saw relatives, friends, and strangers fall by the wayside. . . . Lives

were fraught with danger, and so they tried to derive the utmost emotional pleasure from each day....

"Theoretically, chance and danger are with us today as much as, if not more than, before. . . . We know that violent death can strike at any moment . . . , but it is an exception, a theoretical possibility. We know that . . . thousands are dying in wars, but we suffer no direct consequences. . . . We also know . . . that one day an unseen, unheard airplane, with a single bomb, may blow up our cities and us with them. But again it is a theoretical possibility.

"In contrast, we know that . . . the average life span has been stretched to more than sixty-five years and that, barring cancer, we can hope to survive almost any illness. Purposeful legislation and public safety forces protect us from murder . . . , and by other laws we know that at a certain age we will be retired on pension. In addition, charts tell us almost exactly what our salaries will be throughout our lives. . . .

"Generally speaking, modern man . . . finds that his present and future are predictable. Living in a present that is smothered between a past rich with experience . . . and an already outlined future that precludes . . . the unexpected and the marvelous, how can we help but be bored?"

LATIN AMERICA IN PRINT

RECENTLY WE REPRINTED an article from an Ecuadorian newspaper on U.S. press coverage of Latin American affairs. In a speech before a gathering of newspaper editors from about a dozen American nations, George Chaplin, editor of *The Item*, New Orleans daily, expressed his somewhat divergent views on the same subject:

" . . . Our great problem is ignorance of each other. This is reflected in our coverage of your news and, I have little doubt, in your coverage of ours.

" . . . A Caracas editor lamented our over-simplified idea of Latin America—an idea, he said, 'in which a guitar, a sombrero, a burro, a song or a dance, a bullfight, a revolution, and a love affair are the essential elements.' . . . Excepting big news breaks, coverage of Latin America in the U.S. press is woefully inadequate. . . .

"In all of this, it is important to remember that, outside of our larger metropolitan papers, most U.S. dailies do an inadequate job of presenting all foreign news. An informal survey two years ago showed the entire U.S. press rarely devoted more than 15 per cent of its space to foreign affairs. . . .

"Now why this problem of meager hemispheric coverage? What are some of the major factors?

". . . Let us consider, for one thing, the differences in the patterns of our culture, our heritage, [which] . . . are reflected in language, in manner, in customs, in sense of values, in thinking, in reaction. The differences are further complicated by another hard fact—while we tend to speak of Latin America as an entity, we are really talking about twenty different nations. . . .

"Twenty nations, highly individualized, each with its own politics, its own economics, its own social system. That's a tremendous, if challenging, assignment for the reader—and for the editor who is trying to satisfy his readers' interests and, at the same time, measure up fully to his responsibilities to cover events of long-range importance, however drab and dull they may seem at the moment.

"Interest in Latin America suffers, too, from the fact that globally you are essentially peaceful people. So much of our news play in these times is governed by large-scale violence, the overt struggle for world power. . . . Today's news market is a tough one for globally peaceful folk to compete in.

"In Latin America there is still, of course, internal friction and some grudges. . . . Most of your countries are still in ferment. But the size of your military is governed more by domestic than international considerations. And there is remarkably effective hemispheric machinery for settling arguments. That makes for significant, but not very startling, news. It's like the man who's been married to the same woman for fifty years. He doesn't make page one—unless he then shoots her. . . .

"There is a tendency to blame the news services, and perhaps some of the blame is justified. A press service not only is interested in getting news

out of a Latin American country. It is also interested in selling its news report to papers inside that country. That means trying to stay on the right side of the government. It could mean not trying to independently develop delicate stories that are likely to invite government wrath in punitive measures.

"There is also the question of stringers [correspondents not hired on a regular basis], both for press services and U.S. newspapers. As citizens of the country they're covering, they are likely to tread cautiously. And this obviously does not make for thorough, two-fisted reporting.

"But in fairness to the press services, let me say this: editors get about what they demand, both in quality and quantity. When editors really want better Latin American coverage, they'll get it. It depends on the individual paper's yardstick of news values. . . ."

BLACK SHEEP

WRITING in *El Mercurio*, daily paper of Santiago, Chile, Carlos Morla Lynch describes a common problem, a suggested solution, and the usual result:

"I have insomnia. . . . A doctor friend . . . told me to count slowly . . . and, between numbers, imagine a black sheep jumping over a fence. He said this would make me so drowsy that I would fall asleep without knowing when or how.

"Thanks, I'll try it."

"I stretch out on my back in bed . . . , and the silence becomes almost audible.

"One, two, three, four. . . . I count slowly and rhythmically as prescribed.

". . . I recall past times of my life. The 'present,' no matter how happy, becomes sad with time. . . . It is something like seeing a loved one in the distance and knowing you will never talk together again.

"Next come illusions, lofty plans, and hopes—castles in Spain—and then, vague fears, uncertainties, and anxieties.

". . . thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three. . . .

". . . I hear a train going by, and its sound lulls me. . . . Many trains pass my country home, and I can tell them apart without even seeing them—the creaking freight . . . , the soothing

rhythm of a passenger train, and the fast, impatient express. . . .

"But then in my mind I see trains in the big cities, among those horrible, grimy buildings . . . with clothes hanging from the windows, blackened chimneys, small, sooty gardens . . . and broken fences, and dirty, gray dwellings. . . . The deplorable stream of humanity, muffled in faded coats and with heads down, moves along . . . the muddy, narrow streets. This ugly side of life is appalling and loathsome.

"I cannot sleep. . . . one hundred and eight, one hundred and nine, one hundred and ten. . . ."

". . . Suddenly the scene changes completely, and I think of my first ocean voyage. It was to Rio de Janeiro, where immense blue butterflies and luminous insects flit silently around the giant bamboos and tree-like ferns. In the quiet of my bedroom I feel for a moment the sweaty dampness of the virgin jungle. The coconut palms bend and rustle gently . . . in the evening breeze.

"Let's see if I can sleep. . . . three hundred and fifty, three hundred and fifty-one, three hundred and fifty-two. . . ."

". . . My Lord, a sleepless night is such torture! It goes on and on. . . . At long last dawn breaks. I go on counting slowly while the little black sheep jump the fence. . . . The sun shines through the curtains at my window.

"Later . . . my doctor friend asks if I followed his advice.

"Oh, yes, I counted to 30,682, and the little black sheep jumped the fence every single time."

"And you didn't sleep?"

"No, by then it was time to get up."

Baldness Ahead

IF YOU ARE among the have-nots in the hair department, you may find either consolation or guidance in the following excerpt from an article by Máximo Noble that appeared in the Mexican magazine *Hoy*:

"If you're losing your hair . . . , don't try tonics or other external remedies. Just change your attitude. Doctors advise all present and future bald men: Forget your vanity and consider your receding hair line calm-

ly. That is, don't make it a tragedy. Dr. Stephen Rothman, a dermatologist at the University of Chicago, states that worry, anger, or depression . . . only help speed up the process. Vanity is the biggest difficulty in treatment . . . , according to Rothman. It makes the 'patient' try all sorts of futile treatments . . . that are nothing but a waste of time and money. Briefly, he notes that bald men, young and old, can be especially attractive . . . to women and that there are outstanding examples in history to substantiate this fact. He says, 'Forget your vanity, and you'll be much more amiable.'

"Dr. Rothman denies that baldness is the result of tight-fitting hats, sunburns, frequent shampoos, or excessive mental exertion. The real reason lies with our ancestors. If you had a bald father or grandfather, just resign yourself to seeing your hair disappear sooner or later. Nothing can stop it. . . ."

As for us at AMERICAS, what seems most unfair about the whole business is that women, who rarely suffer from baldness, are the ones who blithely pass it on from generation to generation. Your grandfather really had nothing to do with it, except that he married your grandmother.

OF PLANES AND HORSES

FETIT PIERRE notes that each step forward brings the inevitable comparisons with the previous state of affairs. People sometimes nostalgically long for what used to be, but, he admits, "progress is an irresistible law that cannot be side-stepped." His further comments on an experience in the clouds appeared in *Cincuentenario*, a monthly magazine published in Sevilla, Colombia:

"A short while ago I settled myself comfortably in a powerful, four-motored plane that is now soaring smoothly through the vastness of space. As it rises along the unrestricted sky-way, the landscape fades into nothingness below. City outlines grow smaller until they look like children's toys; lofty peaks are flattened; rivers become motionless silver threads; and clouds zip by beneath the plane's steady wings. . . .

"As the ship banks . . . to bypass the high mountain ridges, I note that

my traveling companions are becoming restless. Undoubtedly, they are thinking that . . . a single defect in this masterpiece of science could hurl us, almost instantaneously, into the abyss. Although death lies in ambush every minute of our lives, it seems to draw nearer in a plane.

"For long centuries men cherished the dream of flying. Icarus—so say the legends—stuck together some wings with wax, flew up near the sun, and . . . fell tragically into the sea. The great Leonardo [da Vinci] eagerly pried into the secrets of science in a vain attempt to solve the mystery of flight. But their studies were not futile, for they served as a basis for man's ultimate victory . . . in dominating space. . . .

"There below, the clouds . . . have obliterated the landscape. The ship is bobbing along amid thick bundles of mist . . . , and I think of past times. . . . Long ago the horse was the ideal means of locomotion. Astride their horses, everyone from the great conquerors . . . to the humble peasants traveled to the ends of the earth. Alexander's [steed] reached areas previously unknown to Europeans . . . and Bolívar's . . . crossed the Andes and led the vanguards of American liberty. Caligula was impiously extravagant in deifying his horse, and the good Don Quixote immortalized Rosinante. . . .

"I think these [modern] miracles are robbing us of our freedom. . . . I look to the front of the cabin and read: 'No smoking' or 'Fasten seat belts.' I observe that we all obey mechanically. We are no longer men, but robots.

"When our ancestor mounted his horse, there was an air of freedom about him. All the horizons of the earth opened before his eyes. He was guided by his will; he went wherever he wished. The going might be rough, but freedom was his convoy.

"The landscape is coming into focus again. The plane is losing altitude, preparing to land. . . . I suddenly realize that the horse will never again be the favorite way of getting from place to place. Now we travel the sky-ways at the speed of wind, arriving either at our destination or at the end of our time on earth."

OAS

OAS OAS OAS



In the United States under Foreign Operations Administration auspices, Dr. Federico Alvarez Plata, Bolivian Minister of Education and Fine Arts (center), paid a call on Secretary General Carlos Dávila of the Organization of American States in Washington. He was accompanied by Mr. Luis F. Ramirez, secretary of the Bolivian delegation to the OAS. Dr. Alvarez made a tour of various U.S. universities and educational institutions.



OAS Ambassador Alberto Sepúlveda of Chile (right) and Mrs. Sepúlveda sponsored the recent song recital by their compatriot Olga Farina, soprano, at the Pan American Union. Miss Farina's husband, Mr. Herbert Block of the U.S. State Department, was also on hand for the event. His wife specializes in Latin American and Amerindian folklore and accompanies herself on the guitar.



A trio of ambassadors view the work of Ecuadorean painter Manuel Rendón (wearing glasses) at his OAS show. They are (from left) Dr. Hipólito J. Paz, Argentine envoy to Washington; Dr. Juan Bautista de Lavalle, who represents Peru on the OAS Council; and Dr. José R. Chiriboga, Ecuadorean Ambassador to both the OAS and the United States. Born in France, where his father was Ecuadorean Minister, Rendón is a non-objectivist, lives in Guayaquil and the Galápagos Islands.



Before their concert of contemporary chamber music of the Americas at the Pan American Union, Werner Lywen, violinist; the Reverend Russell Woollen, pianist; and Ana Dritelle, cellist, held a practice session at the house of a friend in Washington's Georgetown district. Mr. Lywen is concertmaster of the National Symphony Orchestra, Father Woollen is on the music faculty of Catholic University, and Miss Dritelle is a newcomer from Europe to Washington music circles.

On an Argentine farm two students take vegetation samples as part of a course in pasture management under the OAS technical cooperation program. The project is directed by the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences at Turrialba, Costa Rica, and is designed to improve rural life.





books

A PUBLISHER SQUINTS AT SOUTH AMERICA

Fred S. Rosenau

THE MOST OBVIOUS observation anyone in the publishing industry can offer, on returning from a swing through Ecuador, Peru, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil, is that far more United States publications are sold in South America than South American publishers will ever sell in the United States.

After spending only five weeks on that continent, aided appreciably by the efficiency of Panagra and Pan American World Airways, I am in no position to advise, criticize, or even report comprehensively on the activities of South American publishers of books and magazines. All I can do is jot down some casual impressions of what I saw and thought.

U.S. magazines are sold everywhere, yet the prices of most are so astronomical that it is common practice in these countries for people to swap them with their neighbors. A deep hunger exists for U.S. magazines. In the United States a magazine in a wastebasket is just another magazine. In South America a magazine will fall apart from wear before ending up as refuse. The situation is not unique—it occurs in most of the rest of the world. Meanwhile, almost no South American magazines find their way to U.S. newsstands, except in very rare cases in certain large cities.

No U.S. newspapers are sold in South America, except the international edition of *The New York Times*. And it is found only with difficulty. But many more local newspapers are on sale in the large cities of South America than we can now find on the newsstands of our cities, where newspapers have gradually merged so that a multi-newspaper city is now a rarity.

Books from the United States are in short supply in most countries of South America because of the continuing dollar shortage that afflicts most economies in that part of the world. U.S. books are so expensive that they

are frequently priced out of the market, and British editions of the same titles sometimes take their place despite the fact that many customers would prefer the U.S. editions if they were available. (An exception: U.S. paperbacks are reasonably priced in Brazil, owing to a special import exchange rate.)

North Americans living in South American countries frequently buy their books by mail from U.S. bookstores rather than attempt to get them through local retailers. This is especially true of technicians and selective readers who want or need special titles and not just "reading material." I was told by several North Americans that they could get books they needed more quickly by ordering them from home than through local retail channels.

In the countries I visited, many more books from other nations are sold in translation (in Spanish or Portuguese or even French) than are ever offered for sale in the United States. Not necessarily more titles—though I think this is probably true, too—but a much greater volume of business is rung up in books that have been translated from the original U.S. or British editions. To be blunt, I suspect that this is simply because there are not very many native authors published in South America whose work would interest the people of countries outside that continent. Certainly there are notable exceptions, but I believe they only test, and do not disprove, this generalization.

The most obvious discrepancy between South American and United States book publishing is in the field of books for children. At home we are seeing an enormous boom in "juvenile" publishing—bright, well-written, well-illustrated, carefully planned books for boys and girls that are selling in huge volume to an ever-expanding market of parents, relatives, and young people themselves. I have no idea what the number of children in South America may be, but careful scrutiny of many dozens of bookstores in country after country convinced me that children there (except possibly in Brazil) are being

abysmally short-changed in the quantity and quality of books available for their growing years. If I were active in a South American publishing firm, I would turn immediately from publishing translations of English-language novels for adults and begin an intensive program of creating and distributing exciting, colorful, well-packaged books for boys and girls. And in this field translations just won't do; what is needed is material that is meaningful to the children of each country—stories and pictures and atmosphere that reflect the real life of the world into which they are growing up.

An interesting sidelight on South American publishing procedure, in contrast to our own, is that the publisher often functions as a printer of both his own and his competitors' books, while sometimes also acting as a wholesaler and a retail bookseller all at once. By and large, local book distribution is much less widespread than on the U.S. publishing scene, so that this "incestuous" relationship of the publisher to his retail trade and to his competitive producers does not pose the same sort of problems that it might in the distribution-minded, far-flung United States.



Bookstores seem to be equally crowded and uncomfortable everywhere in the Hemisphere

As to the retail outlets themselves, you find many more art books displayed in South American bookstores than in comparable stores in the United States. And you find more bookstores *per se*. In South America you almost never find books on sale in drug stores, department stores, newsstands, variety stores, wallpaper shops, or any of the incredibly varied number of new outlets U.S. publishers have found in this country for their mass-market merchandise. When you want a book in South America, with few exceptions you go to the nearest bookstore for it; except for small, paper-covered reprint editions, which are sometimes sold in railroad stations and airline terminals or on larger metropolitan newsstands, you cannot buy books except in bookstores.

In looking at the retail bookstores, a North American immediately recognizes the similarity among bookstores the world over—crowded, badly lighted, with unimaginative window displays and all the other faults we here know all too well. Both at home and in South America, certain alert, profit-minded retailers in the book field are beginning to modernize their store fronts and interiors, beginning to make it easier for customers to examine and buy books, beginning to think in terms of dramatic window displays. But all too few, all too few.

In my incredibly short time in South America, I talked with publishers, booksellers, printers, agents, distributors, and many others allied to the various phases of the publishing industry. The most forward-looking were the printers, who have brought in new equipment (mostly from Germany and the United States) and are now geared to produce more books if demand increases. There are still few facilities for hard-bound (*i.e.*, clothbound) books, since the consumer is accustomed to buying books in stiff paper covers. There are still only a few people in South America who think in terms of mass distribution. And, as I have said, there are precious few publishers who have taken any real interest in the market for children's books.

But South American publishing is a lively industry, graced with some very competent and foresighted leaders, and the future for them is rosy.

A SCHOLAR'S MASTERPIECE

IN PRESENTING to the OAS Council on March 16 the two volumes of a facsimile edition of Rufino José Cuervo's *Diccionario de Construcción y Régimen de la Lengua Castellana*, Colombian OAS Ambassador César Tulio Delgado spoke of his faith that "one day the vast temple of the language that the scholar left unfinished will be complete." The very presentation is a sign that this tremendous project, so long spoken of and regularly encouraged by Inter-American Conferences, is well under way. Included in the gift was a luxurious edition in two thick volumes of Cuervo's complete works.

Cuervo, a Colombian who is considered the most distinguished Spanish-language philologist of the second half of the nineteenth century, died in 1911, leaving only the first two volumes of his planned masterpiece. Both were published in Paris—A-B in 1886 and C-D in 1893. It had originally been his intention to produce a work that would be to the Spanish language what the Oxford Dictionary is to English, but later he shifted focus to concentrate, as the title implies, on construction and the relationships between words. Thus he skipped detailed consideration of etymology in favor of what is, in effect, a history of Spanish usage. This involved limiting his number of words, choosing those that would be most illustrative, and arranging them consistently and usefully in a system of his own devising. Not the least of the dictionary's notable qualities is that it is a one-man job.

By now the original edition is almost unavailable. A few copies survive in major libraries and here and there in private collections, but with the ever-increasing interest in Spanish philology the difficulty of obtaining access to



As Secretary General Carlos Dávila (left) looks on, Colombian OAS Ambassador César Tulio Delgado presents Rufino José Cuervo's Spanish dictionary and collected works to Council Chairman José A. Mora of Uruguay

this prime source was sorely felt. More recent scholars such as M. L. Wagner, Yakov Malkiel, B. Pottier, and Luis Flórez have acknowledged their indebtedness to it, despite its incompleteness and the advances that have since been made in the field. The general public, too, was denied the benefits of this invaluable complement to the Royal Academy Dictionary.

The new facsimile edition, printed in Germany, was prepared by the Instituto Caro y Cuervo (a Colombian learned society named jointly for Cuervo and an eminent poet-philologist who was a contemporary of his) under the auspices of the Colombian Government. The institute is now working on additional volumes according to Cuervo's plan. Inter-American cooperation is also part of the picture. At the Sixth Inter-American Conference, which met at Havana in 1928, quotas were assigned the member nations for a fund to finance the work; in turn, Colombia, Venezuela, the Dominican Republic, El Salvador, and Argentina have deposited their contributions. An Ad Hoc Commission to coordinate the various efforts was established by the OAS Council on a recommendation by the Inter-American Cultural Council.

All of Cuervo's other works are included in the leather-bound *Obras Completas*. Except for a biography of his father (the statesman and jurist Rufino Cuervo, once President of Colombia), written in collaboration with his brother Angel, these are philological, grammatical, and critical treatises.

Since the Spanish language, as Council Chairman José A. Mora of Uruguay observed in his address of thanks, "is perhaps one of the most potent forces that have sustained the Organization of American States since its beginnings with Bolívar," he called on the Council to see that "Cuervo's linguistic school and philological methods are continued for the good of all our countries." —B. W.

THE BIG FOUR

BRAZIL WAS NO EXCEPTION: during the 1930's a great many of its fiction writers abandoned the realm of belles-lettres for so-called "socially conscious" literature and took to writing novels and stories that reflected not only esthetic or psychological problems of a universal nature but also and principally (and in some cases exclusively) social problems. The hero of such stories was no longer the city man, the apolitical public official, or the scion of good family whose eyes were ever turned toward Paris. Now it was the poor devil, the marginal human being wrestling with chronic difficulties like malnutrition and misery. This was Brazilian reality as seen by the literary generation that appeared around 1930 and flourished during the following years. The works of fiction in which they portrayed it had nothing to do with nineteenth-century patterns and were equally remote from the excesses brought about by the modernist revolution of 1922. It is with this school of fiction and especially with its four chief exponents—among the major writers of present-day Brazil—that Fred P. Ellison is concerned in his very readable *Brazil's New Novel*. After an introduction sketching the Brazilian literature of the thirties in general and fitting into place the significance of the Northeast and the sociological novel that arose there, Dr. Ellison settles down to a discussion of his four novelists, all Northeasterners: Jorge Amado, José Lins do Rego, Rachel de Queiroz, and Graciliano Ramos.

Jorge Amado, a Bahian not long out of his adolescence, began by satirizing his people in a novel entitled *O País do Carnaval* (The Land of Carnival), which was immature but interesting all the same. Soon afterward, he published a considerably better book that attracted the attention of the critics, made him known in the country's literary circles, and won him his first readers. *Cacau* (Cacao) initiated the vogue for novels built around products of the land—a visibly Marxist trend. This book was succeeded by others in which the youthful writer revealed extraordinary progress. With *Jubiabá* (named for one of its characters), he stood revealed to the entire country as a writer of genuine stature. At first a communist sympathizer and later an active party member, Amado became the novelist of his region, Bahia, which he described with all its picturesqueness, all its local color, and at the same time all its misery.

About the same period, in another section of the Northeast, another important writer established himself with a highly personal book: José Lins do Rego and his *Menino de Engenho* (Sugar-Mill Boy). A whole society almost feudal in character took shape and came to life in the works of this novelist, whose *Ciclo da Cana de Açúcar* (Sugar-Cane Cycle, a series of five novels) is to contemporary Brazilian literature and to the region he paints what Balzac's *Comédie Humaine* was to French life of his time.

Rachel de Queiroz published her *O Quinze* (Nineteen-fifteen) before she was twenty-one, and this drama of the drought region shot her into literary prominence. It was followed by other works in which her qualities were reaffirmed and refined.

The fourth novelist, Ramos, was very different from the other three. He sprang up suddenly in his native Alagoas State, first with a novel plainly showing the influence of the caustic nineteenth-century Portuguese novelist Eça de Queiroz and then with one of the best-constructed novels in Brazilian literature—*São Bernardo*. His clean, austere, precise style led critics to compare him with the master Machado de Assis.

These are Dr. Ellison's four "greats" of the Brazilian novel. His book constitutes an admirable analysis not only of their lives and works but also of the atmosphere in which they were born and flourished. I recommend it to everyone interested in learning about Lins do Rego, Amado, Ramos, and Queiroz; but, more than that, to all who would like to have some idea of the social, political, economic, and literary history of one of the most fascinating and representative regions of Brazil during recent years.—*Érico Veríssimo*

BRAZIL'S NEW NOVEL, by Fred P. Ellison. Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1954. 186 p. \$3.75

BOOK NOTES

MEMORIAS DE UN RECLUTA DE LA EXPEDICIÓN MIRANDINA, by John Edsall, translated and with an introduction by José Nucete-Sardi. Caracas, Ediciones Garrido, 1954. 125 p.

When Francisco de Miranda set sail from New York in February 1806 on his disastrous attempt to liberate Venezuela, one of his shipmates was an eighteen-year-old butcher's apprentice named John Edsall. It was not till twenty-five years later that Edsall, by that time a respected burgher of Catskill, New York, wrote his memoirs, but—with a little help from old newspapers, contemporary documents, and books written by fellow-expeditionaries—he seems to have had almost total recall. Young Edsall's feelings about the project were not precisely like Miranda's; they were, in fact, very bitter. The injuries inflicted on the Venezuelans by Spain were "fancied"; the mysterious passenger who turned out to be Miranda was "a man whose appearance was not to me prepossessing"; his own involvement with the mission was due to a plot hatched by U.S. agents ("villains," they were) for the purpose of "overturning the laws and government of a country with which they had nothing to do, and whose inhabitants cursed them for the pretended protestations to liberate them from laws better than they themselves were capable of framing." None of this is surprising, in view of the fact that Edsall had been in a sense shanghaied; his master had tricked him aboard with the story that the boat was bound for New Orleans, whence he was to accompany a shipment of mail back to New York to protect it from bandits. Frustrated in his efforts to escape, he was captured by the Spaniards off Puerto Cabello and, learning rapidly what a mistake it was to consider this a change for the better, was sentenced to ten years at hard labor. Eventually he and some companions broke out of the fortress prison at Cartagena and reached home by way of Havana. Though one of several such accounts, this has points of particular

interest aside from the intrinsic fascination of the adventures it relates. It is very rare, having been privately printed in Catskill; it is the story of an innocent, the only memoir-writer of the lot who was not an active partner of Miranda's; and its tone is infinitely ironic. Illiterate at the time of the Venezuelan fiasco (he recalls that on one occasion his jailers allowed those who could write to send messages to their families, and that he was unable to take advantage of the offer), Edsall later learned not only to put words on paper but, as Dr. Nucete-Sardi points out, to express himself in a simple, pleasing style. His translator must be congratulated on his light hand with so elegant a narrative.

AN INTRODUCTION TO MODERN BRAZILIAN POETRY, translated and with a preface by Leonard S. Downes. São Paulo, Brazil, Clube de Poesia do Brasil, 1954. 85 p. Illus.

Excellent translations by an official of the British Council (the United Kingdom equivalent of the U.S. cultural centers) of short works by fifty more or less contemporary poets. Such well-known figures as Manuel Bandeira, Mário de Andrade, Augusto Frederico Schmidt, and Jorge de Lima share space with their younger colleagues, and the result is an enjoyable and informative—



Sketch of Leonard S. Downes, translator of Brazilian poetry, by Darcy Penteado

if necessarily sketchy—survey for the foreign reader of the solid merits of recent Brazilian poetry. It is a pity that economic considerations ruled out inclusion of the originals. A more comprehensive anthology in Portuguese is being prepared by the Poetry Club, which in its six years of existence has done yeoman service in the cause of advancing Brazilian cultural activity.

EMBASSY ROW



The Salazar family: the Ambassador; Bernardita, four; Mrs. Salazar, the former Lourdes García Trujillo; Eduardo, eleven; and Joaquin, fourteen. Mrs. Salazar collects porcelain figurines. The Ambassador, a music-lover who was at one time a violinist in the Dominican Symphony, now plays classical music on the guitar.

The Embassy is on a hill overlooking Rock Creek Park. In its beautiful formal rooms the Salazars, both lovers of art, display a bronze by Rodin, two Goyas, an Orozco, an Ingres, and a Sorolla. The Ambassador makes a hobby of photographing art objects in color.



Dr. Joaquin Salazar, in taking up his duties recently as Dominican Ambassador to the OAS and the United States, was returning to familiar territory, for he held the latter post in 1946 and represented his country on the OAS Council from 1947 to 1950. Born in Ciudad Trujillo, he was educated at the law school of the University of Santo Domingo, did graduate work at Tulane University, and stayed on in New Orleans as his country's Consul General from 1939 to 1942. Returning home, he became Undersecretary of the Interior, and two years later Undersecretary of Foreign Affairs. In 1945 he was appointed to the Supreme Court. After short stints as Ambassador to Argentina in 1950 and to Brazil in 1951, he served as Dominican delegate to the United Nations until 1953. At the time of his new appointment to the OAS, he was Consul General in New York.

When the family pets—Sandy, a boxer, and Ricky, a basset hound—suffer bruises and other consequences of excess energy, they are ministered to by Bernardita, who at the moment wants to be a nurse. Joaquin (left) builds model airplanes and would like to become a pilot, but the Ambassador is trying to talk him into aeronautical engineering. Still undecided, Eduardo thinks he prefers the diplomatic service, like his father.



know

your neighbors' resources?

Answers on page 32

Boris Randolph

According to latest available data, each of the Hemisphere countries in the left-hand column below produces more of one of the items in the right-hand column than any of the other countries. Can you match each with its proper item?

- | | |
|-------------------|------------|
| 1. Argentina | Balsa wood |
| 2. Bolivia | Copper |
| 3. Brazil | Emeralds |
| 4. Chile | Horses |
| 5. Colombia | Iodine |
| 6. Cuba | Rice |
| 7. Ecuador | Silver |
| 8. Mexico | Sugar |
| 9. Paraguay | Tin ore |
| 10. United States | Yerba mate |

GRAPHICS CREDITS

(Listed from left to right, top to bottom)

- 3 Vories Fisher
- 4 Courtesy Institute of Inter-American Affairs
- 5 No. 1, Vories Fisher—Courtesy Pan American Sanitary Bureau (2)
- 6 Courtesy Pan American Sanitary Bureau (2)
- 7, 8 Ralph Robinson
- 10, 11, 12, 13, 15 Massie, courtesy Missouri Resources Division
- 14 Massie, courtesy Missouri Resources Division—Courtesy Pearl Anoe—Walker, courtesy Missouri Resources Division
- 16, 17 No. 1, Elton W. Krueger—Galindo Gómez (4)
- 18, 19 Galindo Gómez
- 20, 21, 22, 23 Malcolm K. Burke
- 27 Lee Angle, courtesy Jack Danciger
- 33, 34, 35, 36 Courtesy Saint Elizabeths Hospital
- 41 F. Adelhardt
- 43 Carlos
- 44 F. Adelhardt
- 46 José Gómez-Sicre

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

ON THE BEACH

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed the letter in your December English edition from a young Argentine student of economics, a subject I study too. In it he describes the mistaken ideas that many foreigners have about Argentina. He was referring to the countless people who believe our country is simply one immense pampa inhabited only by gauchos. He also offered information and interpretation to anyone interested in knowing Argentina better. I would be glad to do the same.

In your January quiz you ask: "Of all the Latin American countries, which one would be most likely to have gauchos working at a beach called Mar del Plata?" The illustration shows some horsemen pulling what would appear to be a fishing boat, and the men look more like "muleteers" than gauchos. The photo must have been taken around 1930. As a result, a foreigner would think this is just any beach anywhere, instead of one that tourists from many countries rank among the best in the world. Besides being a big port with a submarine base, it has important commercial wharves and fishing docks that are unmatched anywhere on the South Atlantic coast, none of which is shown in the photo. Whoever wrote the quiz forgot that exactly a year ago a brilliant international film festival was held there. The Undersecretariat of Information (today the Secretariat of Press and Broadcasting), under the direction of Mr. Raúl A. Apold, has published an interesting pamphlet on Mar del Plata and its beaches. Furthermore, the magazine *Perfiles* gives its readers a good idea of the city.

Norberto Horacio López Haurat
Roca 2044
Florida, Buenos Aires, Argentina

Reader López has a point, but AMERICAS feels that Mar del Plata's beauty and importance are widely known. The wording of the disputed question was calculated to direct the reader's attention to Argentina's famed gauchos and to vary the emphasis of the quiz. Foreigners accustomed to the press agency behind Miami, Waikiki, Cannes, and the like will understand about those gauchos at magnificent Mar del Plata.

BIG MYSTERY

Dear Sirs:

In the quiz "Know Your Neighbors' Music?" (AMERICAS, December 1954) you published a photograph to illustrate the question: "At trainside, Uruguayan serenades departing friends with primitive musical instrument found in many South American countries. Is it a musical bow, musical saw, bongó, or clavichord?"

Allow me to point out that the instrument you indicate as the correct answer—the musical bow—is neither known nor found in Uruguay.

E. Rodriguez Fabregat, Jr.
Montevideo, Uruguay

According to reference sources in the PAU music section, the musical bow is found in the Guianas, Brazil, Colombia, Peru, Paraguay, and contiguous areas (conceivably Uruguay). There is difference of opinion as to whether the instrument is really indigenous to these areas or an African import of post-Columbian times. The photograph was taken in Uruguay by the famous Argentine musicologist Isabel Arezt.

TEACHERS' PET

Dear Sirs:

Vacation time is almost here, and we are glad that the Pan American Union will again cooperate with the National Education Association by furnishing orientation travel kits, including a year's subscription to AMERICAS, to teachers taking our Latin American tours.

No doubt you received, as we did, enthusiastic letters telling of the pleasure given by AMERICAS, which kept happy memories alive, widened horizons glimpsed during the tour, and combined learning and entertainment throughout the year.

The tours this year—motor bus trips through different parts of Mexico and around South America—are being received with

more interest than ever, and we know that the authentic travel literature and background information offered in the Pan American Union's orientation kit will again play an important role in our summer plans to bring together the teachers of the Western Hemisphere.

Paul Kinsel
Director, Travel Division
National Education
Association
Washington, D. C.

FROM A "SMALL" COFFEE GROWER

Dear Sirs:

As a "small" coffee grower from Brazil, I think that every coffee planter should read the article "Life and Times of a Coffee Grower" by Andrés Uribe C. (*AMERICAS*, December 1954). Coffee production does not mean quantity, but quality.

Oscar Pereira Lima
Mococa, São Paulo, Brazil

GOURMET

Dear Sirs:

I'm a recipe clipper; cooking is my hobby, especially foreign dishes. Won't you please devote a small section of *AMERICAS* to cooking?

Mrs. A. H. Pálmí
Springport, Michigan

We have many demands for space for less tasty items, but, for the time being, we remind Mrs. Pálmí of the forthcoming PAU cookbook, which will be available from the Publications Division after April 1. The following recipe appears, along with several others, in the announcement leaflet that is now being circulated to those interested:

Sorvete de Abacate (Brazilian Avocado Ice)

1 avocado 1 lemon
2 or 3 tablespoons sugar, depending on personal taste
Mash the meat of the avocado through a sieve, mix with lemon juice. Add sugar to taste. Beat mixture until it is smooth and creamy. If you prefer a sherbet rather than an ice, add 1 cup of whipped cream and mix well. Place mixture in freezing compartment, stirring occasionally so that crystals won't form.

GOOD PARTNER

Dear Sirs:

Having recently returned from an inspection and indoctrination trip to Haiti, Curaçao, the Dominican Republic, and Venezuela, I feel more keenly than ever that there is a vital need for such a magazine as *AMERICAS*. I particularly enjoyed your "Dracula of the Great Lakes" and "Jungle Capital" in the March issue; and you have inspired us to carry material on Latin America, from time to time, in the nine editions of the *American Motorist*, which I edit.

Walter W. Hubbard
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

FOR TEEN-AGERS ONLY

Dear Sirs:

My mother gets your magazine, and I enjoy reading it very much. I have a request to make. In your list of "pen pals" every month, they are all adults. I was thinking that some of your readers might have children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen who speak and write English. I would like very much to have a "pen pal" in another country, boy or girl.

Donna Jeanne Keppen
333 Morgan Street
Tonawanda, New York

In future Mail Bag sections *AMERICAS* hopes to be able to indicate the approximate age group of students: H for high school and C for college. All others will be listed as before.

PROSPECTOR

Dear Sirs:

First let me congratulate you on the fine make-up of *AMERICAS* and for the diversity of material it contains every month. I have only one fault to find, and that is not actually of the magazine

itself. No matter how many letters I write to names that appear in the "Mail Bag," I never get an answer.

I am an amateur mineralogist and collector and seek correspondence with folks in other lands, particularly in South America, who share this interest. Could it be that other countries do not have their counterparts of the U.S. mineral collector? The States are bouncing with amateur prospectors and collectors.

Winston Gold
4024-167th Street
Flushing 58, New York

From inquiries, we gather that, although there are some, South America does not "bounce" with amateur mineralogists. However, a Venezuelan member of our staff suggests that Reader Gold write to the following address for possible solution of his problem: Sociedad de Ciencias Naturales, Colegio La Salle, Tienda Honda a Santa Bárbara, Caracas, Venezuela.

PLEEZ!

Dear Sirs:

Wood it be possible for you too inaugurate a campain for the much needed simplificashun of the spelling of the English languaj? I make no secret of the fact that I hav had my fill of hering from peoples whoo speak other tungs queschuns as too why it is that we doo not spell in accordans with the pronunciashun. It is impossible too deny that too this no logical anser can be given. The only attempt at an explanashun that I can make is this is sumthing wherefor we Americans hav no personal responsibility. This system of orthografy is sumthing originated by a ppeople whoo never hav bin famus for being systematic or logical. Other evidens of this deficiency on their part is too be found in their monarchy, their systems of wates, mezhures, and coinaj and their uncodified common law. What mor can I say?

My understanding is that attempts hav bin made by sum enterprising soles to correct this sad state of affairs (Theodor Roosevelt, for example), but that their efforts hav bin of little avail, chiefly becaus, if I am not mistaken, they had no sens of humor. They were unable to laff this absurdity (for such it really is) out of existens, much as Cervantes is reputed too hav dun with the shivalry uv Spain.

We Yankees brag about our "know-how." Everything here is streamlined, and so we lead the rest of the world. But it never seems to dawn upon this ppeople that this manner of spelling constitutes a glaring exepahun too all this. Cant we get the ball rolling and so give relief to countless multitudes besides ourselves?

George G. Stoffel
Chicago, Illinois

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents are in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses clearly and state at least two language preferences. These are shown below by the initials in parentheses after the name. Those who are students are asked to say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk.

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In "Monterrey Tech" RÓMULO GONZÁLEZ IRIGOYEN of Mexico tells us about his country's Technological Institute at Monterrey, where he is chief of the Academic Department of Accounting. Born in Mexico City, thirty-seven-year-old Mr. González was educated in the banking and business field, which he writes about for many Mexican newspapers. He has also written a biography of the late British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain, and is particularly interested in the classics and the French people. He is a member of many professional societies.

Since both of MARIAN CHACE's parents were authors, it is not surprising that writing is her avocation; dancing is her number one activity. In "Hotel Saint Elizabeth," she tells of its application to therapy, in which she "became interested . . . through work with handicapped children and private patients of Washington physicians." Miss Chace was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and graduated from Pembroke College of Brown University. She has appeared with the McKinley Dancers and the Denishawn (Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn) Company, and organized her own troupe. She has also studied under Martha Graham and Hanya Holm.



MALCOLM K. BURKE's job with *Visión* in Lima, Peru, enables him to cover most of South America. "The Past in a Park" is an account of his trip to Colombia's unusual archeological park. Mr. Burke, a native of Stamford, Connecticut, graduated from Yale in 1939, visited Spain, was in business in the United States, and served in the U.S. Navy during the war. Appointed by the State Department to head the Peru-North America Cultural Institute in Lima in 1947, he says he "learned enough about the country then to be thirsty for more knowledge." This led him to collect material for a biography on Saint Rose of Lima, the patroness of the Americas.

Ever since he attended the Pan American Public Health Congress in Havana in 1952 as a translator, GEORGE C. COMPTON of the AMERICAS staff has followed the progress of the yaws-eradication program he describes in "Victory in Haiti." Though he has written several articles on scientific subjects, he admits his prior connections with medical science were tenuous: during a summer vacation in Massachusetts, some years back, he put in a couple of weeks as a volunteer dishwasher in the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution lab of Dr. Selman A. Waksman, who later won the Nobel Prize for his discovery of streptomycin. Today he

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Carlos Dávila of Chile is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, and in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines; and the *Inter-American Review of Bibliography*.

carries on as an amateur ornithologist from an eyrie his friends identify as "Mole," Maryland, where wild rabbits, shrews, possums, and turtles share what manages to come up in his miniature vegetable plot.



Spanish-born JOSÉ DE LA COLINA, author of this month's fiction, "End of the Line," is a movie writer in Mexico City; several of his short stories will soon be shown on Mexican screens. "I'm self-taught," he says, and describes himself as a "poetic realist; the writers who have influenced me most are Unamuno, Tolstoy, Charles-Louis Philippe, and William Saroyan." Mr. de la Colina is working on a novel and a play, and a book of his short stories is scheduled for early publication. The illustrations are by the well-known Washington illustrator DAGMAR WILSON, who has done several children's books and is an accomplished painter.

When he was a boy in his native Belo Horizonte, Brazil, thirty years ago, AMERICAS associate editor ARMANDO S. PIRES was urged by his grandmother to read a newspaper from beginning to end every day. "You'll learn something even from the ads and the obituaries," she advised. Mr. Pires found that she was right. He made it a habit and divulges some choice items in the Classified sections in Brazilian and other American papers in "Ads Infinitum."



PEARL ANOE is firmly convinced from exploring the region that "There's No Place Like the Ozarks." After the author was left a widow at an early age, she held down jobs in a railroad office, the insurance business, and radio to put her three sons through school. Then she left her home town, Chicago, and headed west. She is now travel editor of the *Colorado Travel Guide* and a member of the editorial board of *Soroptimist Magazine*, and turns out travel articles for newspapers and magazines, including the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and *Holiday*.

RAY WITLIN, who both wrote and illustrated "Charcoal Burners of Costa Rica," is known primarily as a photographer. A native of New York City, he has been traveling in Latin America for more than two years, is currently concentrating on Colombia.

In the book section, FRED S. ROSENAU, director of promotion for the publishing firm Random House, sets down his impressions of publishing conditions in six South American countries. The distinguished Brazilian novelist ÉRICO VERÍSSIMO, director of the PAU cultural affairs department, discusses *Brazil's New Novel*, by Fred P. Ellison.

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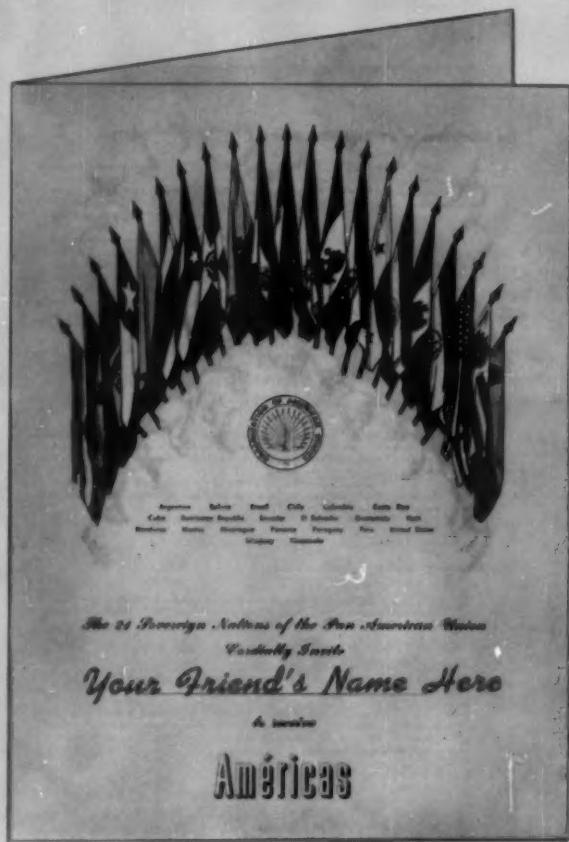
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